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The Ever Green

VOLUME SECOND

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The Ever Green

A COLLECTION

OF

Scots Poems

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600

BY ALLAN RAMSAY

Reprinted from the Original Edition

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME SECOND

Glasgow
ROBERT FORRESTER, 1 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE
1876

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THE
Ever Green,
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS POEMS,

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

VOL. II.

Quha dar presume thir Poetis to impung,
Quhais Sentence sweit throw ALBION *bin sung.*

Sr. D. LINDSAY.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN for ALLAN RAMSAY. M.DCC.XXIV.

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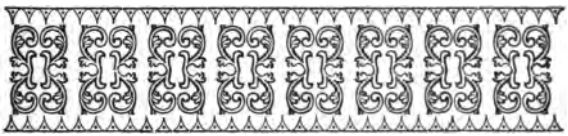

A

NEW YEIR GIFT

To Queen MARY, when ſhe came firſt Hame, 1562.

I.

WELCUM, illuſtrat Lady, and our Quene,
Welcùm our Lyone with the *Floure-de-Lyce;*
Welcum our Thiſtle with the *Lorane* Grene;
Welcum our Rubent Roſe upon the Ryce,
Welcum our Jem, and joyfull Gentryce;
Welcum our Beil of ALBION to beir;
Welcum our pleſand Princes maiſt of Pryce,
GOD give you Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

II. THIS

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II.

THIS Gude New Zeir we hope with Grace of GOD,
Sall be of Peace, Tranquility and Reſt;
This Zeir ſal Richt and Reaſon rule the Rod,
Quhilk ſae lang Seaſon has bene ſair supreſt;
This Zeir firm Faith ſall freily be confeſt,
And all eronious Queſtions put arreir
To labour that this Lyfe amang us left,
GOD give zou Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

III.

HEIRFORE addreſs thee duely to decore,
And rule thy Regne with hie Magnificence;
Begin at GOD to gar ſet forth his Glore,
And of his Goſpel get Experience;
Cauſe his true Kirk be had in Reverence,
So ſall thy Name and Fame ſpreid far and neir,
Now this thy Det to do with Diligence,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IV.

FOUND on the firſt four Vertues cardinall,
On Wiſdom, Juſtice, Force and Temperance,
Aplaud to prudent folk, and principall
Of verteous Lyfe, thy Worſhip to advance:

Wey

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Wey Juſtice equal without Diſcrepance,
Strengthen thy State, with Stedfaſtneſs to ſteir,
To temper Tyme with true Continuance,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

V.

CAST thy Conſate by Council of the Sage,
And cleave to Chryſt has kept thee weil in Cure,
Attingent now to twenty Zeirs of Age,
Preſervand thee from all Miſaventure.
Wald thou be ſerved and thy Countrie ſure,
Still on the Common-weil haif Eye and Eir,
Preſs ay to be Protectrix of the Pure,
Sae GOD ſall gyde thy Grace this gude new Zeir.

VI.

GAR ſtanche all Stryfe, and ſtable thy Eſtates,
In Conſtance, Concord, Charity and Luve:
Be biſſy now to baniſh all Debates,
That twixt Kirk-men and tempral Men dois muve,
The pulling doun of Policy repruve,
And let perverſed Prelates live perquier,
To do the beſt beſeikand GOD abuve,
To give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

VII. AT

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VII.

At Crofs gar cry be opin Proclamation,
Undir grit Pains, that nowther he nor fcho
Of haly Writ have ony Difputation,
But letterd Men or learned Clerks therto;
For Lymmer Lads and little Laffes lo,
Will argue baith with Bifhop, Preift and Freir:
To danton this thou has enouch to do,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

VIII.

But wyte the wickit Paftors wald not mend
Their vicious Living, all the Warld prefcryves;
They tuke nae tent their Traik fould turn till end,
They were fae proud of their Prerogatyves,
For wantones they wald not marrie Wyves,
Nor zit live chaft, but chop and change their Cheir;
Now to reform their lecherous leud Lyves,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IX.

They brocht their Baftards with the Skrufe they fkraip
To blande their Blude with Barrons by Ambition,
They purcheft pithlefs Pardons frae the Paip,
To caufe fond Fuils confyde he hes Fruition,

As

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As God, to give for Sins a full Remiſſion,
And Sauls to ſaif from ſuffering Sorrow ſeir:
To ſet aſyde ſic Sort of Superſtition,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

X.

They Benifice and Pention tint that marriet;
On *Frydays* quha eit Fleſh was fyr-fangt;
It made nae Miſs quhat Maydens they miſcarriet,
On Faſting Days, they were not brunt or hangt.
Licence for Lechry frae their Lord belangt,
To give Indulgence as the Deil did leir,
To mend that Menzie has ſae mony mangt,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XI.

They lute the Leiges pray to Stocks and Stanes,
And paintit Papers, wats nocht quhat they mein:
They bad them beck and binge to deid Mens Banes,
Offer on Kneis to kiſs, ſyne ſaif their Kin,
Pilgrims and Palmers paſt with them between,
Sanct *Blais*, Sanct *Boit*, blate Bodies Ene to bleir;
Now to forbid this grit Abuſe hes bene,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XII. They

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XII.

THEY tyart GOD with Trifles tume and Trantals,
And deivd him with their daft and daylie Dargeis,
With owklie Abits to augment their Rentals,
Mantand, Mort, Mumbelings, mixt with mony Lies.
Sic Sanctitude was Sathans Sorceries,
Chryſts ſilly Sheip and ſobir Flock to ſmeir,
To ceiſe all ſindrie Sects or Hereſieis,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIII.

WITH Meſs and Mattins nae ways will I mell,
To juge them juſtly paſſes my Ingyne,
They gyde not ill that governs weil themſell,
And honeſtly on Lawtie lays their Lyne,
Doubts to diſcus, for Doctors are divyne,
Cunning in Clergie to declair them cleir:
To order this the Office now is thyne,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIV.

As Beis tak Wax and Honey of the Floure,
So dois the Faithful of GODS Word tak Fruit,
As Waſps receive frae aff the ſame but ſour,
Sae Reprobates the Scripture dois rebute.

Words

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Words without Warks availeth not a Cute,
To ſeis thy Subjects ſae in Luve and Feir,
That Richt and Reaſon in thy Realm my rute,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XV.

The Epiſtles and Evangells now are Preicht,
Bot Sopheſtrie or Ceremonys vain;
Thy People, maiſt Part, truely now are teicht
To put away Idolatrie prophane,
But in ſum Hearts is graven new again,
An Image callit curſd Covetice of Geir,
Now to expell that Idol ſtands up plain,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVI.

For Sum are ſene at Sermons ſum ſa haly,
Singand Sanct *Davids* Pſalter on their Buiks,
And are but Bibliſts fairſing full their Belly,
Backbytand Nybours noying them in Nuiks,
Ruggand and reivand up Kirk Rents lyke Rukes;
Lyke very Waſps againſt Gods Word mak Weir;
Now ſic Chriſtians to kiſs with Chanters Kuiks
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVII. Dewtie

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XVII.

DEWTIE and Detts are driven by Doubleneſs,
And Folks are flemit frae zung Faith Profeſſors,
The greateſt ay the greidyar I geſs,
To plant quhere Preiſts and Parſons were Poſ-
ſeſſors,
Teinds are uptane by Teſtament Tranſgreſſors,
Credence is paſt of Promiſe thocht they ſweir,
To puniſh Palmers, and reproach Oppreſſors,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVIII.

PUIR Folk ar famiſt with their Faſſions new,
They fail for Falt that had before at fouth,
Leil Labourers lament and Tennants trew,
That they ar hurt and herriet North and South:
The Heidſmen have *Cor mundum* in their Mouth,
But nevir mynd to give the Man his Meir,
To quench thir quent Calamities ſo cowth,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIX.

PROTESTANDS tak the Friers auld Antetewme,
Ready Reſavers, but to render nocht,
So Lairds uplift Mens Leiving, ower thy Rewme,
And are richt crabit quhen they crave them ocht.

Be

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Be they unpaid, thy Purſevants are ſocht,
To pund pure Commons Corn and Cattle keir,
To viſſy all thir wrangous Warks are wrocht,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XX.

PAUL bids nane deal with Thing Idolatheit,
Nor quhair Hypocraſie hes bene committit;
But Kirk-mens curſed Subſtance aft ſeims ſweit,
Till Land-men that with leud Bird Lyme are lyttit.
Gif thou perſave ſum Senzior it has ſmittit,
Soliſt them ſaftly not to perſeveir;
Hurt not their Honour, tho thy Hieneſs wit it,
But gracioufly forgive them this new Zeir.

XXI.

FORGIVNES grant with Gladneſs and Gude-will,
Gratis to all into zour Parliament,
Syne ſtabliſh Statutes, ſtedfaſt to ſtand ſtill,
That Barone, Clerk and Burges be content,
Thy Nobles, Earls, and Lords in conſequent,
Treit tender to obtain their Hearts inteir,
That they may ſerve, and be obedient
Unto thy Grace this new and mony a Zeir.

XXII. SEN

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XXII.

SEN ſae thou ſits in Seat ſuperlative,
  Cauſe every State to their Vocation go,
Scolaſtick Men the Scriptures to diſcryve,
  And Majeſtrates to uſe their Sword alſo,
  Merchands to trade and trafick to and fro,
Mechanicks Work, Huſbands to ſaw and Sheir,
  So ſall be Wealth and Weilfare without Woe,
Be Grace of GOD agains this gude new Zeir.

XXIII.

LET all thy Realme be now in Readyneſs,
  With coſtly cleathing to decore thy Corſs,
Zung Gentlemen for dauncing them addreſs,
  With courtlie Ladys coupled in Conſorſs,
  Frak feirce Gallands the Feild Games to enforſs,
Enarmed Knychts at Liſts with Scheild and Speir,
  To feicht in Barrows baith on Fute and Horſs,
Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXIV. THIS

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XXIV.

THIS Zeir ſall be Embaſſies heir belyve,
For Marriage, from great Princes, Dukes and Kings,
This Zeir within thy Region ſall aryſe
Rowts of the Rankeſt that in *Europe* rings;
This Zeir baith Blythneſs and Aboundance brings,
Navies of Schips outhrow the Sea to ſneir,
With Riches, Rayments and all Royal Things,
Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXV.

GIF Saws be ſuthe to ſchaw thy Celſitude,
Quhat Bairn ſould bruke all *Britain* be the Sie,
The Prophecie expreſly dois conclude,
The *French* Wyfe of the BRUCEIS Blude ſould be,
Thou art the Lyne frae him the Nynth Degree,
And was King *Francis* Partie maik and Peir.
Sae by Deſcent the ſame ſould ſpring of thee,
By Grace of GOD agane this gude new Zeir.

XXVI. Now

Gif Saws be ſuthe. By this Verſe it appears that the Prophecy of *JAMES* the VI. ſucceeding to the Crown of *England*, and being the firſt King of *Great Britain*, was not, as ſome would alledge, made after his Acceſſion; this Poem being wrote in 1562, ſome Years before his Birth.

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XXVI.

Now to conclude, on Chryſt caſt thy comfort,
And cheriſh them that thou has under Charge,
Supone maiſt ſure he ſall ſend thee ſupport,
And len the luſty Liberos at large,
Believe that Lord can Harbary ſo thy Bairge,
To mak braid *Britain* blyth as Bird on Brier,
And thee extol with his triumphand Targe,
Victorioufly again this gude new Zeir.

L' Envoy.

XXVII.

PRUDENT, maiſt gent, tak tent, and prent the Words,
Intill this Bill, with Will, them ſtill, to face,
Quhilk ar, not ſkar, to bar, on far, frae Baurds,
But ſeal, bot ſeal, may heal, avael thy Grace,
Sen lo, thou ſhow, this to, now do, has Place,
Receive and ſaif, and haif, ingrave it heir, [brace
This now, for Prow, that you, ſweit Dow, may
Lang Space, with Grace, ſolace and Peace this Zeir.

LECTORI.

XXVIII.

FRESCH, fulgent, fluriſt, fragrant, Flower formoſe,
Lantern to Luve, of Ladys Lamp and Lot,
Cherry, maiſt chaſt, cheif Carbuncle and Choiſe,
Sweit ſmyling Sovraign ſhining bot a Spot,

Bleſt

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Bleſt, beautyful, benygn, and beſt begot,
To this Indyte pleaſe to inclyne thine Eir,
Sent be thy ſimple Servant *Sanders Scot*,
Greiting great God to grant thy Grace gude Zeir.

Quod Alex^r. Scot.

To his HEART.

I.

Return Hamewart my Heart again,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be;
Thou art a Fule to ſuffer Pain,
For Luve of her that luves not thee;
My Heart let be ſic Fanteſie,
Luve nane but quhair thou has gud Cauſe,
An let hir ſeik a Heart for thee,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho faws.

II. To

The Chronology of the Poems contained in this and the former Volume, is not to be expected, ſome of older Date having come to Hand after others, ſome hundred Years later have been printed, beſides moſt of them having no Dates; the endeavouring to place them according to the Order of Time they were wrote in, and Incidents to which they related, was judged as uſeleſs as it would have proven difficult.

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II.

To quhat Effect ſould thou be thrall,
But thank ſen thou has thy free Will;
My Heart be nocht ſae beſtial,
But knaw quha dois the Gude or Ill;
At Hame with me then tarry ſtill,
And ſe then quha playis beſt thair Pawis,
And let the Fillock fling hir fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho ſaws.

III.

THOCHT ſcho be fair I will not fenzie,
Scho is the Kynd with utheris mae;
For quhy thair is a Fellon Menzie,
That ſeimeth gude, and are not ſae:
My Heart tak nowther Pain nor Wae
For *Meg*, for *Marjory* or *Mawis;*
But be thou glad, and let her gae,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho ſaws.

IV.

REMEMBER how that *Medea*
Wyld for a Sicht of *Jaſon* zeid,
Remember how that *Creſſida*,
Left *Troilus* for *Diomede*.

Remember

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Remember *Helen*, as we reid,
Brocht *Troy* from Bliſs unto bare Waws;
Then let her gae quhair ſcho may ſpeid,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho faws.

V.

Because I find ſcho tuke in ill,
At hir departing mak nae Care;
But all beguyld, go quhair ſcho will,
A ſchrew the Heart that mane makes mair;
My Heart be mirry late and air.
This is the final End and Clawſe,
And let her feid and fullzie fair,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho faws.

VI.

Neir dunt again within my Breiſt,
Neir let hir Slichts thy Courage ſpill,
Nor gie a Sob abeit ſcho ſneiſt,
Schois faireſt payd that gets hir Will:
Scho gecks as gif I meind her Ill,
Quhen ſcho glaiks pauchty in hir Braws,
Now let hir ſnirt, and fyk hir fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho faws.

Quod Alexr. Scot.

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A Braſh of WOUING.

I.

IN ſecret Place this hinder Nicht,
I heard a Bairn ſay till a Bricht,
My Hinny, my Howp, my Heart, my Heil,
I haif been lang zour Luivar leil,
And can of zou get Comfort nane,
How lang will ze with Danger deil?
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

II.

HIS bony Baird was kemd and cropit,
But all with Kail it was bedropit,
Comich he was, fuliſh and goukit,
He clapit faſt, he kiſt, he chukit,
As with the Glaicks he were oergane,
Zit be his Feirs he wald have ——
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

III. QUOD

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III.

QUOD he, my Heart, ſweit as the Hinny,
Sen that I born was of my Minny,
I nevir wouit an uther but zou,
My Wame is of your Luve ſae fou,
That as a Ghaiſt I glowr and grane,
I trymil ſae ze wadna trow,
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

IV.

TEHEI, quod ſcho, and gae a Gawf,
Be ſtill my Cowfyne, and my Cawf,
My new ſpaind Howphyn frae the Souk,
And all the Blythneſs of my Bouk,
My ſwanky ſweet, ſaif thee alane,
Nae Leid haif I luivd all this Owk,
Fow leis me on that gracles gane.

V.

QUOD he, my Claver, my Curledody,
My Hinnyſopps, my ſweit Poſſody,
Be not owre bowſtrous to your Billy,
Be warm hertit, not illwilly;

Zour

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Zour Hals as whyt as Quhalis Bane,
Gars riſe on Loft my Quilly-lillie,
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

VI.

Quod ſcho, my Clip, my unſpaynd Lam,
With Mithers Milk zit in your Gam,
My Belly Hudrom, my Hurle Bawſy,
My Honneyguks, my Siller Tawſy,
Zour Pleins wad perſs a Heart of Stane;
Tak Comfort, my great headed Gawſy,
Fou lies me on zour gracles gane.

VII.

Quod he, my Kid, my Capercalzeane,
My bony Bab with the ruch Brilzeane,
My tender Girdil, my Wally Gowdy,
My Tirly Mirly, my Sowdy Mowdy,
Quhen that our Mouths do meit in ane,
My Stang dois cork in with your Towdy,
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

VIII. Quod

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VIII.

Quod ſcho then tak me be the Hand,
Welcom my Golk of *Maryland*,
My Chirry and my maikleſs Mynzion,
My Sucker ſweit as ony Unzeon,
My Strummil Stirk zit new to ſpane,
I am applyd to your Opinzion,
Fou leis me on that gracles gane.

IX.

He gaif till hir ane Aple-ruby,
Gramerce, quod ſcho, my kind Cowhubby,
Syne they twa till a Play began,
Quhilk that they call the Dirrydan.
Quhile baith thair Fancies met in ane,
O vow! quoth ſhe, quhair will ye Man,
Leil lies me on that gracles gane.

Quod Clerk.

THE

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THE

GOLDIN TERGE.

I.

RICHT as the Stern of Day began to ſchyne,
Quhen gone to Bed was *Veſper* and *Lucyne*,
I raiſe, and by a Roſeir did me reſt;
Upſprang the goldin Candill maculyne,
With cleir depurit Beims Chriſtalyne,
Glading the mirry Fowlis in thair Neſt,
Or *Phebus* was in purpure Kaip reveſt;
Up ſprang the Lark, the Hevenis Minſtral ſyne,
In *May* intill a Morrow mirthfulleſt.

II. FULL

The finding of this Poem amongſt the old Manuſcripts, gives a great Pleaſure, it being particularly quotted by Sir *David Lindſay* in his Prologue to the Complaint of the *Papingo*, where he mentions many of the old Poets. In Commendation of Mr. *Dunbar*, he ſays,

Or of Dunbar *quha Language had at large,*
As may be ſene into his Goldin Terge.

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II.

FULL Angelyk thir Birdis ſang thair Hours,
Within thair Courtings grene within thair Bours,
Apperellit quhyte and reid with Blumys ſweit,
Enamalit was the Feild with all Collours,
The Perlit Dropis ſchuke in ſilver Schours,
Quhyle all in Balm did brench and Levis Fleit,
Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Aurora* greit,
Hir criſtal Teirs I ſaw hing on the Flours,
Quhilk he for Lufe drank all up with his Heit.

III.

FOR Mirth of *May*, with Skippis and with Hopps,
The Birds ſang upon the tendir Cropps,
With Curious Nottis as *Venus* Chapell Clarks;
The Roſſes reid, now ſpreiding aff thair Knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly Dropps,
With Rayis reid, lemying as ruby Sparks,
The Skyis rang with Schouting of the Larks,
The Purpure Hevin owre ſkailt in Silver Slopps,
Owre gilt the Treis Branchis Leivs and Barks.

IV. DOUN

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IV.

DOUN throwch the Ryſs an River ran, quhois Streims
So luſtely upon the lykand Leims,
That all the Laik as Lamp did leim of Licht,
Quhilk ſchadowit all about with twynkland Gleims,
The Bewis baithit were in ſecound Beims,
Throw the Reflex of *Phebus* Viſage bricht,
On every Syde the Ege raiſe on hicht:
The Bank was grene, the Sun was full of Beims,
The Streimers cleir as Sternis in froſty Nicht.

V.

THE Criſtal Air, the Saphier Firmament,
The Ruby Skyes of the reid Orient,
Keſt Berial Gleims on Emerant Bewis grene,
The Roſy Garth depaynt and redolent,
With Purpore, Aſure, Gold and Gowlis gent,
Arrayit was be Dame *Flora* the Quene,
Sae nobilie that Joy was for to ſene,
The Roche againſt the River reſplendant,
As low iluminate the Levis ſchene.

VI. QUHAT

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VI.

QUHAT throw the mirry fowls ſaft Harmony,
Quhat throw the Rivers Sound that ran me by,
On *Floras* Weid I ſlepit quhair I lay,
Quhair ſune into my dreimand Fantiſy,
I ſaw approche agane the Orient Sky,
Ane Schip on ſail as bloſome on the Spray,
With Maſt of Gold, bricht as the Stern of Day,
Quhilk tendit to the Land full luſtely,
With ſwifteſt Motion throu a Cryſtal Bay.

VII.

AND hard on Burd unto the blumit Meids,
Amangs the Grene Riſpies and the Reids,
Aryvit ſcho quheirfrae annon thair Lands,
Ane hundreth Ladeis luſtie intill Weids,
Als freſh as Flours that in the *May* upſpreids,
In Kirtills grene, withouten Kell or Bands,
Thair ſhynand Hair hang glitterand on the Strand
In Treſis cleir wypit with goldin Threids,
With Pawps quhyte, and Middills ſmall as Wands.

VIII. DISCRYVE

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VIII.

DISCRYVE I wald but quha culd weil indyte,
How all the Flours with all the Lillies quhyt,
Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the Hevin did gleit,
Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
For all thy ornat Style the maiſt perfyte,
Nor zet, thou *Tullus*, quhais Oratiouns ſweit
In Rethorick did intill Terms fleit,
Zour aureat Tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
For to compyle that Paradyce compleit.

IX.

THERE ſaw I *Nature*, and als Dame *Venus* Quene,
Aurora freſh, and Lady *Flora* ſchene,
Juno, *Latona*, and *Proſerpina*,
Diane the Goddeſs of Cheſt and Wods grene,
My Lady *Clio*, that Help of *Makers* bene,
Thetis ſe grene and prudent *Minerva*,
Fair ſaynt Fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,
Thir michty Quenis, with Crownis might be ſene,
With Beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

X. THAIR

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X.

THAIR ſaw I *May* of mirthfull Moniths Quene,
Betwix *Apryl* and *June* her Siſters ſchene,
Within the Garden walkand up and doun,
Quhom of the Fowls reſaif Gladneſs bedene,
Scho was full tendir in hir Zierſ Grene;
Thair ſaw I Nature give till hir a Goun,
Rich to behald, and noble of Renown,
Of ilka Hew that undir Hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude Proportioun.

XI.

FULL luſtiely thir Ladyis all in Feir,
Enterit into this Park of maiſt Pleſeir,
Quhair that I lay heilit with Leivs Rank,
The mirry Birds blisful of Cheir;
Nature ſaluſt methocht in thair Maneir,
And every Blume on Brench and on the Bank,
Openit and ſpred thair balmy Levis donk,
Full Law inclynand to thair Quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nuriſing they thank.

XII. SYNE

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XII.

SYNE to Dame *Flora*, on the ſamyne Ways,
They ſaluſt and they thank a Thouſand Syis,
And to ſweit *Venus* neiſt, Luvis bony Quene,
They ſang Ballatis of Luve, as was the Gyis,
With amorous Nottis maiſt luſty to devyis,
As that they had Luve in thair Heartis grene,
Thair Hony Throtts they openit frae the Splene,
With Warbills ſweit they perſt the Hevinly Skyis,
Quhyle loud reſount the Firmament ſerene.

XIII.

ANE uther Court thair ſaw I ſubſequent,
Cupid the King, with Bow in Hand ay bent,
And dreidfull Arrows grundin ſherp and ſquhair,
Thair ſaw I *Mars* the God armipotent,
Awful and ſtern, braid, ſtrong and corpulent.
Thair ſaw I crabit *Saturn* auld and Hair,
His Luke was lyke for to perturb the Air,
Thair was *Mercurius*, wyſe and eloquent
Of Rethorick that fand the Flouris ſae fair.

XIV. THAIR

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XIV.

THAIR was the God of Gardens *Priapus*,
Thair was the God of Wildernes *Phanus*,
And *Janus* God of Entries delectable.
Thair was the God of Oceans *Neptunus:*
Thair was the God of Winds bauld *Eolus*,
With variand Blaſts lyke to an Lord unſtable,
Thair was blyth *Bachus* glader of the Table;
Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,
In Cloke of Grene, his Court was clade in Sable.

XV.

AND every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
An Harp and Lute full mirreyly they playt,
And Ballats ſang with michty Nottes cleir:
Ladys to daunce full ſobirly aſſyit,
Endlang the trotting River ſo they mayit;
Thair Obſervance richt hevinly was to heir;
Then crap I throw the Brenches and drew neir,
Quhair that I was richt ſuddenly affrayit,
All throw a Luke that I haif coft full deir.

XVI. AND

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XVI.

And ſchortlie for to ſpeik, by Luves fair *Quene*
I was eſpyit, ſcho bad hir Archers kene
Go me areiſt; and they nae Tyme delayit;
Then Ladies fair lute fall thair Mantils grene,
With Bowis big, in traſſit Hairs ſchene,
Richt ſuddenly they had a Feild arrayit;
And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit;
The Party was ſae pleſand to be ſene,
A Wondir luſty Bikar me aſſayit.

XVII.

And firſt of all with Bow in Hand ay bent,
Came Bewty's *Dame* richt as ſcho wald me ſchent,
Syne followit all her Damoſells in Feir,
With mony divers awfull Inſtrument,
Into the preiſs fair *Having* with hir went,
Syne *Portrator*, *Pleſance* and luſty *Cheir*,
Then *Reſoun* came with Scheild of Gold ſo cleir,
In Plait of Mail as *Mars* armipotent,
Defendit me that noble Chevalier.

XVIII. Syne

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XVIII.

SYNE tendir *Zouth* came with hir Virgins zing,
Grene *Innocence* and *ſchamefull Abaſing*,
And quaking *Dreid*, with humbyl *Obedience*,
The GOLDIN TERGE it armit them naithing,
Courage in them was nocht begun to ſpring;
Full ſune they dreid to do a Violence:
Sweit *Womanheid* I ſaw come in Preſence,
A Warld of Artelzie ſcho did in bring,
And ſervit Ladyis full of Reverence.

XIX.

SCHO with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlieneſs*,
Continuance, *Pacience*, *gude Fame* and *Stedfaſtneſs*,
Diſcration, *Gentilneſs*, *Conſidderans*,
Leful Company, and honeſt Buſineſs,
Benign Luke, *myld Cheir* and *Sobirneſs*,
All thir bure Genzies to do me Grivans;
But *Reſoun* bure the TERGE with ſic Conſtans,
Thair ſcharp Aſſay micht do me no Deirence,
For all their Preis and awful Ordinans.

XX. UNTO

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XX.

UNTO the Preiſs purſewit *Hie Degrie*,
Hir followit ay *Eſtait* and *Dignitee*,
Compariſon, *Honour* and *nobill Array*,
Will, *Wantoneſs*, *Renown* and *Libertie*,
Riches and *Fredome* and *Nobility;*
Wit ze they did thair Banner hie Diſplay.
A Clud of Flanes lyke Hail-ſchot lowſit they,
And ſchot till waſtit was thair Artelzie,
Syne went abak rebutit of the Prey.

XXI.

QUHEN *Venus* had perſavit this Rebute,
Scho had *Diſſembance* gae mak a Perſute
With all her Power to preſs the GOLDIN TERGE;
And ſcho that was of Doubleneſs the Rute,
Aſkit hir Choiſs of Archers in Refute:
Venus the beſt bad hir to wale at lerge;
Scho tuke *Preſence* plicht Anker of the Berge;
And *Fair Calling* that weil a Flane can ſchute,
And *Cheriſſing* for to compleit hir Charge.

XXII. DAME

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XXII.

DAME *Hamelineſs* ſcho tuke in Company,
That hardy was and heynd in Archery,
  And brocht in *Bewtie* to the Feild again,
With all the Choiſe of *Venus* Chevelly,
They came and bikkart unabaiſitly:
  The Showris of Arrows rappit on lyke Rain,
  Perrelus *Preſence*, that mony a Syre has ſlain;
The Battill brocht on Bordour hard me by,
  The Aſſalt was all the ſairer Suth to ſane.

XXIII.

THICK was the Schot, of grundin Arrows kene,
But *Reſſoun* with the GOLDIN SCHEILD ſae ſchene,
  Weirly deffendit quhoſeir aſſayit;
The awfull Schower he manly did ſuſtene,
Till *Preſence* keſt a Powdir in his Ene,
  And then as drukken Man he all forwayit,
  Quhen he was blind, the Fule with him they playit,
And banniſt him amang the Bewis Grene;
  That Sicht ſae ſair me ſuddenly affrayit.

XXIV. THEN

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XXIV.

THEN was I woundit, till the Deth full neir,
And zoldin as ane woefull Priſoneir,
To Lady *Bewtie*, in a Moments Space,
Methocht ſcho ſeimit luſtyer of Cheir,
Aftir that *Reſſoun* had tynt his Ene cleir,
Than of befoir, and lovarly of Face;
Quhy was thou blindit, *Reſſoun?* quhy? allace!
And gart ane Hell my Paradyce appeir,
And Mercy ſeim quhair that I fand nae Grace.

XXV.

DISSIMULANCE was biſſy me to aſſyle,
And *Fair Calling* did aft upon me ſmyle,
And *Cheriſſing* me fed with Words fair,
Acquentance new embraſit me a quhyle,
And favourt me, till Men micht gae a Myle,
Syne tuke hir Lief, I ſaw hir nevir mair;
Then ſaw I *Denger* towart me repair,
I cowth eſchew hir Preſence be nae Wyle,
On Syde ſcho lukit with a fremit Fare.

XXVI. AND

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XXVI.

And at the laſt deperting couth hir Dreſs,
And me delyverit unto *Havyneſs*,
For to remane, and ſcho in Cure me tuke;
Be this the Lord of Winds with fell Wodneſs,
God *Eolus* his Bougill blew, I geſs,
That with the Blaſt the Aiks in Foreſt ſchuke,
And ſuddenlie in the Space of a Luke,
All was hyne went, ther was but Wilderneſs,
Ther was nae mair but Bird and Bank and Bruke.

XXVII.

In twynckling of an Ee to Schip they went,
And ſwift up Sail unto the Tap they ſtent,
And with ſwift Courſe out owre the Flude they frak;
They fyrit thair Guns with Powdir violent,
Till that the Reik raiſe to the Firmament,
The Rochis all reſoundit with the Rak,
For Reird it ſemit that the Rain-brow brak;
With Spreit affrayit upon my Feit I ſprent
Amangs the Clewis, ſae cairfull was the Crak.

XXVIII. And

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XXVIII.

And as I did awake off this Swowning,
The joyfull Minſtralls mirryly did ſing,
For Mirth of *Phebus* tendir Beims ſchene;
Sweit wer the Vapouris, ſaft the Morrowing,
Hailſum the Vail, depaynt with Flowirs zing,
The Air atemperit, ſobir and amene;
In quhyte and reid was all the Eard beſene,
Throw Natures nobill freſch enamaling,
In mirthfull *May*, of every Moneth Quene.

XXIX.

O reverend **Chawſer*, Roſe of Rethouris all,
As in our Toung the Flowir imperiall,
That evir raiſe in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,
Thou beirs of Makars the Triumphs ryall,
The freſch enamallit Termes celeſtiall;
This Matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the Licht?
Surmounting every Toung terreſtriall,
As far as *Mayis* fair Morning dois Midnicht.

XXX. O

* This Panygyrick on *Chawſer*, as 'tis perfectly generous and handſome from a *Scots* Poet, it likewiſe ſhews that the Lowland *Scots* Language and the *Engliſh* at that Time were the ſame.

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XXX.

O morale *Gower* and *Lidgate* laureat,
Zour ſuggurat Toungs and Lipps aureat
  Bene till our Eirs Cauſe of grit Delyte;
Zour Mouths angelick, maiſt mellifluat,
Our rude Language hes cleir ilumynat,
  And has owre-gilt our Speich, that imperfyte
  Stude, or zour goldin Pens did ſchupe to wryt,
This Yle befoir was bair and diſolate
  Of Rethorick, or luſty fair indyte.

XXXI.

Thou litle Quair be evir obedient,
Humbyl ſubject, and ſemple of Intent,
  Befoir the Face of every cunning Wicht,
I knaw quhat thou of Rethorick has ſpent,
Of hir maiſt lyſtie Roſes redolent
  Is nane into thy Garland ſet on Hicht;
  O Schame thairfor, and draw the out of Sicht:
Rude is thy Weid, bare, deſtitute and rent,
  Weil aucht thou be affeirit of the Licht.

Quod Dunbar.

Lorges,

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Lorges, lerges, lorges *ay*, Lerges *of this new Zeirs Day.*

I.

FIRST *Lerges* of the King my Cheif,
Quhilk came as queitly as ane Theif,
And in my Hand ſlaid Schillings twae,
To put his Lergnes to the Preif,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

II.

SYNE *Lerges* of my Lord Chancelar,
Quhen I to him ane Ballat bare,
He ſonziet not, nor ſaid me nay,
But gaif me quhyle I wald had mair,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

III.

Of *Gallaway* the Biſchop new,
Forth of my Hand ane Ballat drew,
And me delivert bot Delay,
A fair Hacknay bot Hyd or Hew,
For *Lorges* of this new Zeir Day.

IV. AND

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IV.

And ſyne of *Croce* the Abbot zing,
I did to him ane Ballat bring;
But or I paſt a Pice him frae,
I gat nae leſs than Deil a thing,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

V.

The Secretar baith war and wyſe,
Hecht me a Caſt of his Office;
And for to reid my Bill alſway,
He ſaid for him that micht ſuffice,
For *Lorges* of this new Zeir Day.

VI.

The Treaſurer and Comptrollair,
They bad me cum I wait not quhair,
And they wald gar, I wait not quhae,
Gife me, I wait not quhat, full fair,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

VII.

Now *Lorges* of my Lordis all
Baith temporall State and ſpirituall,
My ſelf ſall evir ſing and ſay,
I haif them fund ſae liberall
Of *Lerges* on this new Zeir Day.

VIII. Foul

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VIII.

FOUL ſa this Froſt that is ſae ſnell,
It hes the Wyt, the Trewth to tell,
Baith Hands and Purſs it binds up ſae,
They may gife naithing bye themſell,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

IX.

Now *Lerges* of my Lord *Bothwell*,
The quhilk in Fredome did excell;
He gaif to me a Curſour gray
Worth all this Sort, that I with Mell,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

X.

GRIT GOD releif *Margaret* our Quene,
For gif ſcho wer as ſcho hes bene,
Scho wald be lerger of Lufray
Than all the laif that I of mene,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

Quod STEWART.

Dumbars

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DUMBARS DREGY;

Made to K. JAMES V. *being in* Stirvling.

WE that ar heir in Hèavens Glory,
To zou that ar in Purgatory,
Commends us on our hearty Ways,
I mene we Folk in Paradyce,
In *Edinbrugh* with all Mirryneſs,
To zou in *Stirvling* in Diſtreſs,
Quhair nowther Pleaſance nor Delyt is,
Thus pittying ane Apoſtle wryts:
O ze Hermits and Hankerſaidlis,
That tak zour Penance at zour Tables,
And eit nae Meit reſtorative,
Nor drink the Wyne comfortative,
But Ale that is baith thin and ſmall,
With but few Courſes in zour Hall,

Bot

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Bot Company of Lords or Knychts,
Or ony uther guidly Wichts,
Solitar walkand zour alane,
Seing naething but Stock or Stane
Out of zour painfull Purgatory,
To bring zou to the Bleſs of Glory:
Of *Edinbrugh* the mirry Toun
We ſall begin a carefull Soun,
Ane Dregy kynd, devout and meik,
The Bleſt abune we ſall beſeik
Zou to delyvir out of zour Noy,
And bring zou ſune to *Edinbrughs* Joy,
Thair to be mirry amang zour Freins,
And ſae the Dregy thus begins.

LECTIO I.

THE * * *
The mirthfull *Mary*, Virgin chaſt,
Of Angels all the Orders nyne,
And all the heavenly Court divyne,
Sune bring ze frae the Pyne and Wae
Of *Stirvling*, ilka Court Mans Fae,

Again

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Again to *Edinbrughs* Joy and Blifs,
Quhair Worfchip, Wealth and Weilfair is,
Play, Pleafance, and eik Honefty,
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Refponfio, tu autem Domine.

TAK Confolation in zour Pain,
In Tribulation, tak Confolation,
Out of Vexation cum hame again,
Tak Confolation in zour Pain;

Jube Dom. benedicite.

Out of Diftrefs of *Stirvling* Toun
To *Edinbrugh* blefs GOD mak ze boun.

LECTIO II.

PATRIARCHS, Prophets and Apoftles deir,
Virgins, Confeffouris, Martyris cleir,
And all the Seat celeftiall,
Devoutly we upon them call,
That fune out of zour Pains fell,
Ze may in Heaven heir with us dwell,

To

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To eat Cran, Pertrick, Swan and Pliver,
And every Fiſch that ſwyms in River,
To drink with us the new freſch Wyne
That grew upon the River *Ryne*,
Freſch fragrant Clarits out of *France*,
Of *Angiers* and of *Orliance*,
With mony Comforts of grit Dainty,
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Reſponſum, tu autem Dom.

God and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy
Baith ſune and weil, God and Sanct *Jeil*,
To Sonce and Seil, Solace and Joy,
God and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy,
Out of *Stirvlings* Pains fell,
In *Edinbrugh* Joy ſune mot ze dwell.

LECTIO III.

We pray to all the Saints in Heaven,
That ar abune the Starns ſeven,
Zou to bring out of zour Penance,
That ze may ſune ſing, play and daunce

In

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In *Edinbrugh* heir, and mak gude Cheir,
Quher Wealth and Weilfare is bot Weir;
And I that do zour Pains diſcryve
Intend to viſſy zou belyve,
In Deſart not with zou to dwell,
But as the Angel Saint *Gabriell*
Dois go betwein, frae Heavens Glory,
To them that ar in Purgatory,
Sum Conſolation them to give,
Quhyle they in Tribulation live,
And ſchaw them, quhen thair Pains ar paſt,
They ſall cum up to Heaven at laſt;
Hou nane deſerves to haif Sweitneſs,
That nevir taſtit Bitterneſs;
And therfor hou ſuld ze conſidder
Of *Edinbrughs* Bleſs, quhen zou cum hidder:
But gif ze taſtit had befoir
Of *Stirvling* Toun, the Pains ſoir,
And therfor tak in Patience
Zour Penance and zour Abſtinence,
And ze ſall cum or *Zule* begin
Into the Bleſs that we ar in;
Quhilk grant we pray to all on Hy,
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Reſponſ.

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Respons. tu autem Dom.

CUM hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling*,
Frae hydious Hell cum hame and dwell,
Quhair Fisch to sell ar nane but Spirrling,
Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling*,

ET ne nos induoas in temptationem de Stirvling,
Sed libera nos à malo illius.
Regiam Edinburgi *dona iis, Domine,*
Et lux ipsius luceat iis;
A porta tristiciæ de Stirvling,
Orna, Domine, animas eorum:
Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,
In villa Vinentium,
Requiescant Edinburgi. *Amen.*

DEUS, qui justos in corde humiles
Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,
Libera famulos tuos apud villam Stirling *versantes,*
A pœnis & tristitiis ejusdem,
Et ad Edinburgi *gaudia eos perducas,*
Ut requiescat Striviling. *Amen.*

The

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The Flyting of Dunbar *and* Kennedie *Herafter follows, jocund and merrie.*

I.

SR *John* the *Rofs*, ane Thing ther is compyld
In generall, be *Kennedie* and *Quinting*,
Quhilk has themſelfs abune the Sterns ſtyld;
But had they made of Menace ony mynting
In ſpecial, then ſic Stryfe ſuld ryſe bot ſtynting:
Howbeit with Boiſt thair Boſoms wer as bendit
As *Lucifer*, quha frae the Heavens deſcendit;
Hell ſuld not hyd thair Harnis frae Harms hynting.

II.

THE Eard ſuld tremble, Firmament ſuld ſchake,
And all the Air invenomt ſudden ſtink,
And all the Deils in Hell for Redour quake
To heir quhat I ſuld wryte with Pen and Ink;
For gif I flyt, ſum Sage for Schame ſuld ſink,
The Se ſuld burn, the Mune ſuld tholl Eclips,
Roches ſuld ryve, the Warld ſuld hald nae Grips,
Sae loud of Care the common Bell ſuld clink.

III. BUT

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III.

BUT Wonder laith wer I to be a Baird,
Flyting to uſe, for gritly I eſchame;
Sen it is nowther Winning nor Rewaird,
But Tinſell baith of Honour and of Fame,
Increaſe of Sorrow, Sklander and ill Name;
Zit micht they be ſae bauld in thair Back-byting
To gar me ryme and raiſe the Feynd with Flyting,
And throw ilk Place, and Kinrick them proclaim.

Quod DUNBAR *to* KENNEDIE.

Kennedie *to* Dunbar.

I.

DIRTEN *Dunbar*, on quhome blaws thou thy Boiſt?
Pretendant thee to wryte ſic ſcaldit Skrows,
Thou raw-moud Rebald, fall doun at the Roiſt;
My Laureat Liems at thee, and I lows,
Mandrag,

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Mandrag, Mymmerkin, maid Maiſter but in Mows,
Thou thryce ſcheild Trumpir, with a threid-bare Goun,
Say *Deo* Mercy, or I cry the doun,
And leave thy ryming, Rebald, and thy Rows.

II.

Dreid, dirtfaſt Dearch, that thou has diſobeyt
My Couſin *Quintine*, and my Commiſſar,
Fantaſtick Fule, truſt weil thou ſall be fleyt,
Ignorant Elf, Ape, Owl, irregular,
Skaldit Skaitbird and common Skandelar;
Wanſuckit Funnling, that Nature maid an Yrle,
Baith *John* the *Roſs* and thou ſall ſqueil and ſkirle,
Gif eir I heir ocht of zour making mair.

III.

Here I put Silence to thie in all Parts,
Obey and ceiſe the Play that thou pretends;
Weak Waly-draig and Werlot of the Carts,
Se ſune thou mak my Commiſſar Amends,

And

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And let him lay ſax Leiſchis on thy Lends,
Meikly in recompenceing of thy Scorn,
Or thou ſall ban the Tyme that thou was born,
For *Kennedie* to thee this Schedule ſends.

Quod KENNEDIE *unto* DUNBAR,
Juge in the nixt quha gat the war.

Dunbar *to* Kennedie.

I.

ERSCH brybour Baird, vyle Beggar with thy Bratts,
Sunt-bittin *Kennedie*, Coward of Kynd,
Ill-fart and dryit, as *Denſman* on the Ratts,
Lyke as the Gledds had on thy gule Snowt dynd;
Monſter miſmaid, ilk Mune out of thy Mynd,
Rebald renounce thy ryming, thou but royis,
Thy trechour Tung has tane a heland Strynd;
A lawland Erſe wald mak a better Noyis.

II. RIVEN

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II.

RIVEN, raggit Ruke, and full of Rebaldrie,
  Scart Scorpion, ſcaldit in Scurilitie,
I ſe the haltane in thy Harlotrie,
  And into uther Science nothing ſlie,
  Of every Vertew wyd, as Men may ſe;
Quyt claim with Clergy, cleik to thee a Club,
  Blaſphemar Baird, in Brybrie ay to be;
Wiſdom and Wit a Wiſp frae thee may rub.

III.

DASTARD, thou ſpeirs, Gif I dare with thee fecht?
  Ze *Dagone*, dowbart, therof haif thou nae Dout;
Quhair eir we meit therto, my Hand I hecht
  To redd thy Rebald ryming with a Rout:
  Throw *Britain* braid it ſall be blawn about,
Hou that thou, poyſond Pelour, gat thy Paiks
  With a Dog-Leiſch, I ſchepe to gar the ſchout,
And nowther to thee tak Knyfe, Swerd or Aix.

IV.

THOU Crop and Rute of Traytor treaſonable,
  Fader and Muder of Morthor and Miſcheif,
Deceitfull Tyrand, Serpent tungd, unſtable,
  Cuckald, Cradoun, Couard and common Theif;

Thou

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Thou purpoſd anes to undo our Lord and Chief
In *Paiſlay*, with a Poyſon that was fell,
For quhilk Brybour zit ſall thou thole a Breif;
Pelor, I ſall it prieve on thee my ſell.

V.

Tho I wald lie, thy frawart Phiſnomy
Dois manifeſt thy Malice to all Men;
Fy Traytour Thief, fy Glengore Loon, fy, ſy,
Fy Feyndlyke Front, far fouler than a Fen,
My Freynds thou haſt reprovit with thy Pen,
Traytour thou leis, quhilk I ſall on thee preive;
Suppoſe thy Heid wer armit Tymis ten,
Thou ſall recryit, or I thy Crown ſall cleive.

VI.

Or thou durſt move thy Mynd malitious,
Thou ſaw the Sail abune my Heid updraw;
But *Eolus* full wid, and *Neptunus*,
Mirk and Muneleſs, was met with Wind and Waves,
And mony a hundreth Myles hynd coud us blaw
By *Holand*, *Zetland* and the *Northway* Coaſt,
In Deſerts vaſt, quhair we wer famiſt aw,
Zit cum I hame, fals Baird, to lay thy Boaſt.

VII. Thou

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VII.

THOU callis thee Rethory with thy goldin Lipps:
  Na, glowrand, gapeand Fule, thou art begyld,
Thou art but Glunſchoch with the giltit Hipps,
  That for thy Lounrie mony a Leiſch has fyld;
  Vain Widdifow, out of thy Wit gane wyld,
Laithly and lowſy, lathand as a Leik,
  Sen thou of Worſchip wad ſae fain be ſtyld;
Hail Sovraign Schir, thy B—s hing throw thy Breik.

VIII.

FORWORTHIN Fule, of all the Warld Refuſe,
  Quhat Ferly is thocht thou rejoyce to flyt?
Sic Eloquence as they in *Earſry* uſe,
  In ſic is ſet thy trawart Appityte;
  Thou has full litle Feil of fair Indyte,
I haif on me a Pair of *Lowthiane* Hipps,
  Sall fairer *Inglis* mak, and mair perfyte,
Than thou can bleber with thy *Carrick* Lipps.

IX.

BETTIR thou gains to leid a Dog to ſkomer,
  Pynd Pyck-purſe Pelour, than with thy Maiſter pingle;
Thou lay richt prydles in the Peis this Sommer,
  And fain at Evin for to bring hame a Single,

Syne

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Syne rubbd it at ane uther auld Wyfis Ingle:
In Winter now for Purtith thou art trakit,
Thou has nae Breiks to let thy Hawlocks gingle;
Gae beg a Club, for Bard thou ſall gae nakit.

X.

LEAN, lounger, lowſy, baith in Liſk and Lunzie,
Fy, ſkowdert Skyn, thou art but Skyre and Skrumple;
For he that roſted *Lawrance* had thy Grunzie,
And he that hid Saint *Johns* Een with a Wimple,
And he that dang Saint *Auguſtyne* with a Rumple,
Thy foul Front had he that *Bartilmo* flayd;
The Gallows gapes after thy graceles Gruntle,
As thou wald for a Haggies, hungrey Gled.

XI.

COMERWALD Crawdon, nane compts the a Kerſs,
Sweir ſwapit, ſwanky Swyne, Kepar ay for Swats:
Thy Commiſſar *Quintyne* bids the cum kis his Erſs,
He lykes not ſic a forlane Loun of Laits;
He ſays, Thou ſkaffs and begs mair Beir and Aits,
Nor ony Criple in *Carrick* Land about:
Uther pure Beggars thole with thee Debates,
Carlings decript on *Kennedie* cry out.

XII. MATTER

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XII.

MATTER enough I haif, I neid not fenzie,
Thocht thou foul Trumper has upon me lied,
Carrion corrupt, hich ſall I cry thy Senzie;
Thinks thou not hou thou came into grit Neid,
Greitand in *Gallaway*, lyke *Gallow* Breid,
Ramand and rowpand, beggand Ky and Ox,
I ſaw thee there into thy Watchmans Weid,
Quhilk was not worth a Pair of auld gray Socks.

XIII.

ERSCH Katherene with thy Polk, Breik and Rilling,
Thou and thy Quean as greidy Gleds ze gang
With Polks to Mill, and begs baith Meil and Schilling,
Thair is but Lyce and lang Nails zou amang,
Foul Heggerbald, for Hens this will ze hang,
Thou has a perilus Face to play with Lambs;
A Thouſand Kids wer they in Falds full ſtrang,
Thy Limmer Luke wald fley them and thair Dams.

XIV.

INTILL a Glen thou has, out of Repair,
A laithly Ludge that was the Lipper Mens,
With thee a Soutars Wyfe of Bliſs as bair,
Ze lyke twa Stalkers ſteils in Cōcks and Hens,
Thou

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Thou pluks the Poultry, ſcho pulls aff the Pens.
All *Carrick* crys, God gin this Dowf wer drownd;
And quhen thou heirs a Guſe quaik in the Glens,
Sweiter thou thinkſt than Mattins Bell of Sound.

XV.

Thou *Lazarus*, thou laithly lein Tramort,
To all the Warld thou may Example be,
To luke upon thy gryſlie pitious Port,
For hydious, how and holkit is thine Ee,
Thy Cheik bane bair, and blaikint is thy Blie,
Thy Chop, thy Chol, gars mony Men live chaſte,
Thy Gane it gars us mynd that we maune die;
I conjure thee, thou hungert hyland Ghaiſt.

XVI.

The larbar Lukes of thy lang leineſt Craig,
Thy pure pynd Throple peilt, and out of Ply,
Thy ſkoldirt Skin, hewd lyke a Saffron-bag,
Gars Men diſpyt thair Fleſch, thou Spreit of Gy:
Fy! feyndly Front, Fy! Tyks Face, Fy! O Fy!
Ay Loungand, lyke a Lock-man on a Ladder;
Thy ghaiſtly Luke fleys Folks that pas thee by,
Lyke a deid Theif thats glowrand in a Tedder.

XVII. Nyse

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XVII.

NYSE Nagus, Nipcaik, with thy Schulders narrow,
Thou louſy lukes, and tume of Lumis Aw,
Hard Hurcheon, hirpland, hippit like an Harrow;
Thy Rig-bane ratles, and thy Ribs on raw,
Thy Hanches hurklis with Hukebanes harſh and haw,
Thy laithly Lymms are lein as ony Treis:
Obey, Theif Bard, or I ſall brek thy Gaw,
Foul Carrybald, cry Mercy on thy Kneis.

XVIII.

THOU ſcowry hippit, ugly Averil,
With hurkland Banes, ay howkand throu thy Hyde,
Reiſtit and crynd, as hangit Man on Hill,
And aft beſwakit with an owre hie Tyde,
Quhilk brews richt meikle Barret to thy Bryd,
Hir Care is all to clenge thy Cabroch Hows,
Quhair thou lyes ſawſſy in Saffron back and Syde,
Powdert with Primroſe, ſwarmand all with Clows.

XIX.

WORLIN Wanworth, I warn thee it is written,
Thou ſkyland Skarth, thou has the Hurle behind,
Wan wraigland Waſp, mae Worms thou has beſhitten
Than there is Graſs on Ground or Beiſt on Lind;
Tho

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Tho thou did firſt ſic Folly to me find;
Thou ſall again with mae Witnes than I,
Thy Gulſchoch Gane does on thy Back it bind,
Thy whoſtand Hipps let neer thy Hoſe be dry.

XX.

THOU held the Burch lang with a borrowit Gown,
And an Caprowſy barkit all with Sweit;
And quhen the Lads ſaw thee ſae like a Loun,
They bickert thee with mony a Bae and Bleit,
Now upland thou lives rife on rubit Quhiet,
Aft for ane Cauſe thy Burdclaith neids nae ſpredding,
For thou has nowther for to drink or eit,
But like a berdleſs Bard that had nae Bedding.

XXI.

STRAIT Gibbons Air, that neir owreſtrade a Horſe,
Blae barefut Bairn, in bare Tyme was thou born;
Thou brings the *Carrik* Clay to *Edinburgh* Croſs,
Upon thy Boetings hobbland hard as Horn,
Strae Wiſps hing out quhair that the Wats ar worn,
Cum thou again to ſkar us with thy Straes,
We ſall gar ſkale our Schulis all thee to ſkorn,
And ſtane thee up the Cawſy as thou gaes.

XXII. THE

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XXII.

THE Boys of *Edinburgh*, as the Beis out thraws,
And ay crys out, *Heir cums our awin quier Clerk;*
Then fleis thou lyk a Houlat chaiſt with Craws,
Quhyle all the Bitches at thy Buitings bark,
Then Carlings cry, Keip Curches in the merk,
Our Gallows gapes, lo quhair a graceleſs gaes:
Anither ſays, I ſe him want a Sark,
I red ye Kimmer tak in your Linning Clais.

XXIII.

THEN rins thou down the Gate, with Gild of Boys,
And all the Town-Tykes hingand at thy Heils;
Of Lads and Lowns ther ryſes ſic a Noyſe,
Quhyle Wenches rin away with Cards and Quheils,
And Cadgers Avers caſt baith Coals and Creils;
For Reird of thee, and rattling of thy Butes.
Fiſh Wyves cry fy, and caſt down Skulls and skeils,
Sum claſhes thee, ſome clods thee on the Cutes.

XXIV.

LOUN lyke *Mahoun*, be boun me till obey;
Thief, now in Greif, Miſcheif ſall betyde,
Cry Grace, Tyks Face, or I thee chaſe and fley,
Owl, rair and zoul, I ſall defoul thy Pryde;

Peild

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Peild Gled, baith fed, and bred of Bitches Syde,
Sae lyke a Tyke, Purſpyke, quhat Man ſets by thee,
Forflitten, Sunt-bitten, beſh—— barkit Hyde.
Climb Ledder, fyle Tedder, foul Edder, I defy thee.

XXV.

MAUCH Mutton, byle Button, percht Glutton, Air to Hillhouſe;
Rank Beggar, Oyſter-dreggar, foul fleggar in the Fleit;
Chitter-lilling, Ruck-rilling, Lick-ſchilling in the Mill-houſe:
Bawd Rehator, Thief of Nature, falſe Traytor, Feynds Get,
Filling of Tauch, Rak ſauch, Cry Crauch thou art owreſet;
Mutton Dryver, Girnal Ryver, zad Skyvar foul fell thee;
Herityck, Lunatyck, Purſpyk, Carlines Pet,
Rotten Crok, dirten Dok, cry Cok, or I ſall quell thee.

Ken-

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Kennedies *Anſwer to* Dunbar.

I.

DOTHANE Deils Son, and Dragon diſpytous,
Abirams Birth, and bred with *Beliall*,
Wod Werwouf Worm, and Scorpion vennemous
Lucifers Laid, and foul Feynds Face Infernal;
Thou *Sodomite* ſeperate frae Saints Celeſtal;
Put I not Silence to the Shiphird Knave,
Gin thou of new begins to ryme and rave,
Thou ſall be made baith blate and bleir Eied Beſtial.

II.

How thy Forbeirs are come, I have a Feil,
Of *Cockburns-Peth*, the Writ makes me awar,
Generit betwixt a ſcho Beir and a Deil;
Sae he was calld *Deilber* and not *Dunbar:*
This *Deilber* generit of a Meir of *Mar*.
Corſpatrick Earl of *Merch*, and be Iluſion,
The firſt that eir pat *Scotland* in Confuſion,
Was that falſe Traytor firmly ſay I dare.

III. QUHEN

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III.

QUHEN *BRUCE* and *Baliol* differt for the Croun,
Scots Lords could not obey the *Inglis* Laws;
This *Corſpatrick* betrayed *Berwick* Town,
And flew Seven thouſand *Scots* within thae Waws:
The Battle ſyne of *Spottſmuir* he gart cauſe,
And came with *Edward Langſhanks* to the Feild,
Where Twelve thouſand true *Scottiſh* Men were killd,
And *Wallace* chaiſt, as the Chronicle ſhaws.

IV.

SCOTS Lords and Chiftains he gart hald and Cheſſon,
In Firmance faſt, till all the Feild was done,
Within *Dumbar* that auld Spelunk of Treaſon;
Sae *Inglis* Tykes in *Scotland* was abune;
Then ſpulziet they the Haly Stane of *Scone;*
The Croſs of *Halyroodhouſe*, and ſic Jewells;
He birns in Hell, Body, Banes and Bowells,
This *Corſpatrick* that *Scotland* has undone.

V.

WALLACE gart cry an Counſale into *Perth*,
And calld *Corſpatrick* Traytor be his Style,
But that damnd *Dragon* drew him in Diſerth,
And ſaid he kend but *Wallace* King in *Kyle*,

Out

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Out of *Dunbar* that Theif he made Exyle,
Unto *Edward* and *Inglis* Ground again:
Serpents and Taids and Tigers ſall remain,
In *Dunbar* Waws, Tods, Wouſs and Beiſts vyle.

VI.

NAE Fowles of Effect, now amange thae Binks,
Biggs nor abydes, for nothing that may be,
Thy Stanes of Treaſon as the Bruntſtane ſtinks,
Of *Deilbers* Mother caſten in the Se.
The Variet Aple of the forbidden Tree,
That *Adam* eit quhen he tint Paradyce,
Scho eit envennom'd like a Cockatryce,
Syne marriet with the Deil for Dignitie.

VII.

ZIT of new Treaſon I can tell the Tales,
That cums on Nicht by Viſion in my Sleip,
Archbauld Dunbar betrayd the Houſe of *Hales*,
Becauſe the zung Lord had *Dunbar* to keip,
Throu that pretendand to their Rowms to creip;
Richt crewely his Caſtle he purſeuet,
Broucht him forth boundin, and the Place reſkewt,
Set him in Fetters in a Dungeon deip.

VIII. IT

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VIII.

It were againſt baith Nature and gude Reaſon,
That *Deilbers* Bairns were true to God or Man,
Quhilk were baith gotten, born and bred in Treaſon,
Belzebubbs Oys and curſt *Corſpatricks* Clan.
Thou was preſcryvt and ordaind be Sathan,
Now to be born to do thy Kin Defame,
And gar me ſhaw thy Anteceſſors Schame,
Thy Kin that lives may wary thee and ban.

IX.

Sen thou on me thus Lymmer leis and trattlis,
And ſends ſic Sentence foundit of Envy;
Thy Elders Banes ryſe ilka Nicht and ratle;
And on thy Corſs, Vengance, Vengance they cry,
Thou art the Cauſe they may not reſt nor ly;
Thou ſays for them few *Paters*, Salms or Creids,
But gars me tell their Rentells and Miſdeids,
And thair auld Sin with new Schame certefy.

X.

Insenswat Sow, ceis fals *Euſtaces* Air,
And knaw, kein Scald I hald of *Alathia*,
And gar me not the Cauſe lang to declair,
Of thy curſt Kin *Deilber* and his *Alia*;

Cum

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Cum to the Corſs on Kneis and mak a *Cria*,
Confeſs thy Cryme, hald *Kennedie* thy King,
And with a Hawthorn ſcourge thy ſell and ding,
Thus drie thy Pennance *dele quiſti quia*.

XI.

Pass to my *Commiſar* and be confeſt,
Before him cour on Kneis and cum in Will;
And ſyne gar *Stobo* for thy Lyfe proteſt:
Renunce thy Rymes, baith ban and burn thy Bill,
Heive to the Heaven thy Hands and hald thee ſtill.
Do thou not this Brigane thou ſall be brint
With Pik, Tar, Fyre, Gun-powder and Lint,
On *Arthur*-Sate, or ony hicher Hill.

XII.

I haif ambulate on *Parnaſo* the Mountain,
Inſpyrt with *Hermes* frae his golden Sphere,
And dulcely drunk of Eloquence the Fountain,
Quhen purifeet with Froſt, and flowand cleir,
And thou haſt cum in *Merch* or *Februeir;*
There till ane Pule and drunk the Padock Rude,
That gars thee Ryme in Terms of Sence denude,
And blaber Things that wyſe Men hate to heir.

XIII. Thou

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XIII.

THOU luves nae *Eriſh*, Elf, I underſtand,
But it ſuld be all tru e *Scotiſmens* Beid;
It was the firſt gude Language of this Land,
And SCOTA gart it multyplie and ſpreid,
Till *Corſpatrick* that we of Treaſon reid,
Thy Fore-fader, made *Erſche* and *Erſchmen* thin,
Throu his Treaſon brocht *Inglis* Faſſouns in,
Sae wald thyſell, micht thou to him ſucceed.

XIV.

FULE Ignorant, in all thy Mowis and Makks,
It may be verryfeit thy Wit is thin,
Quhen thou wryts *Denſmen* dryd upon the Ratts,
Denſmen of *Denmark* are of the Kings Kin,
The Wit thou ſuld have had was caſten in,
Even at thy Erſe backward with an Staw-ſlung;
Therefore, fals Harlot Hure-ſon, hald thy Tung;
Delbier thou deives the Deil thy Eme with Din.

XV.

QUHAIRAS thou ſays, that I ſteil Hens and Lamms,
I let thee Wit I haif Land Store and Staks,
Thou wald be fain to gnaw Law with thy Gamms
Under my Burde fruſh Banes behind Dogs Backs.

Thy

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Thy Purſe its tume, I haif baith Steids and Caiks,
Thou tint the Sok, I Coulter haif and Pleuch;
Thy Geir and Subſtance is a Widdy teuch,
On *Saltone* Mount, about thy Craig to rax.

XVI.

And zit Mount *Saltone* Gallows is owre fair,
For to be fleyt with ſic a frontles Face;
Cum hame and hing under an Trie of *Air*,
To eard thee under it, I ſall purchaſe Grace,
To eit thy Fleſh the Dog ſall haif nae Space.
Ravens ſall ryve naething but thy Tung Rutes;
For thou ſic Malice of thy Maſter mutes,
It is weil ſet that thou ſic barret brace.

XVII.

A ſmall Fynance amang thy Freinds thou beggit,
To ſtanche thy ſkorne with haly Mulds thou loſt
Thou faild to get a Dowkar for to dreggit;
It lyes cloſd in a Clout on *Northway* Coaſt,
Sic Revel gars thee be ſervt with cauld Roaſt,
And aft ſit ſupperleſs beyond the Se,
Cryand at Doris, *Caritas amore DEI*,
Breikles, Barefute, and all in Duds up doſt.

XVIII. *DEIL-*

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XVIII.

DEILBER has nocht ado with a *Dunbar;*
The Earls of *Murray* bure that Surname richt,
That to their King ay true and conſtant war;
Of that Kin came *Dunbar* of *Weſtfield* Knicht,
That Succeſſion is hardy, wyſe and wicht;
And has naithing ado now with the Deil,
But *Deilber* is thy Kin, and kens the Weil,
And has in Hell for thee a Chalmer dicht.

XIX.

CURST crupand Craw, I ſall gar crop thy Tung,
And thou ſall cry *Cormundum* on thy Kneis,
Derch I ſall ding thee till I gar thee dung,
And thou ſall lick thy Lipps and ſweir thou lies:
I ſall degrad the gracleſs of thy Greis,
Scald thee for Skorn, and ſcor thee af thy Sule,
Gar round thy Heid transform thee as a Fule,
And with Treaſon gar trone thee on the Treis.

XX.

RAWMOUD Rebald, and Ranegald Rehator,
My Lynage and Forbeirs war evir leil,
It cums aft to thy ſell to be a Traytor,
To ryde by Nicht, to rin, to reive and ſteil,

Quhen

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Quhen thou puts Poyſon to me I appeil
Thee in that Place, and prive it on thy Perſon,
Claim not to Clergy, I defy thee, *Garſoun*,
Thou ſall buy it deir enouch, Derch of the Deil.

XXI.

In *Ingland*, Owl, ſould be thy Habitation;
Homage to *Edward Langſhanks* made thy Kin,
Into *Dunbar* reſaivt him thy fals Nation:
They ſould be exylt *Scotland* mair and myn,
Ane ſtark Gallows, a Widdy and a Pin:
The Heid Poynt of thy Elders Arms are
Written abune in Poyſie, Hang *Dunbar*,
Quarter and draw, and make that Surname thin.

XXII.

I am the Kings Blude, his trew and ſpecial Clerk,
That nevir zit imagind his Offence,
Conſtant in Mynd, in Thocht, in Word, and Wark,
Dependand only on his Excellence,
Treſtand to have of his Magnificence,
Gwairdoun, Reward, and Benyfice bedein,
Quhair that the Ravins ſall ryve out baith thy Ein
And on the Rattis ſall be thy Reſidence.

XXIII. Frae

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XXIII.

FRAE *Atrick* Foreſt forward to *Domfreiſe*,
Thou beggit with a Pardon in all Kirks,
Collaps, Cruds, Butter, Meil, Grots, Gryce, and Geis,
And undernicht quhyles thou ſtall Staigs and Stirks,
Becauſe now *Scotland* of thy begging irks,
Thou ſhaips in *France* to be Knicht of the Feild,
Thou has thy Clam Shells and thy Burdoun keild,
Ilk Ways unhoneſt, Wolrun, that thou works.

XXIV.

THOU may not paſs Mont *Bernard* for wild Beiſts,
Nor win throw Mount *Scarpary* for the Snaw,
Mount *Nicholas*, Mount *Godard* thee arreiſts,
Sic Beis of Briggand blinds them with a Blaw.
In *Paris* with thy Maſter *Burreau*,
Abyde and be his Prentiſe neir the Bank,
And help to hang *Fripons* for half a *Frank*,
And at the laſt thy ſelf maun thole the Law.

XXV.

THOU haltand Harlot neir a gude thou hais,
For Falt of Puſſance, Peilor, thou may pak thee;
Thou drank thy Sark, and als wedſet thy Clais;
There is nae Lord in Service that will tak thee.

A

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A Pack of Flae-Skins Fynance for to mak thee,
Thou ſall receive at *Danſkyn* of my Tailzie,
With *de profundis* ſet thee and that ſailzie,
And I ſall ſend the blak Deil for to bak thee.

XXVI.

INTO the *Katherine* thou made a foul Kahute;
For thou bedrait hir doun frae Stern to ſteir,
Upon her Sydes was ſein that thou could ſchute,
The Dirt cleaves till hir Tows this Twenty Zeir,
The Firmament nor Firth was never cleir,
Quhile thou, Deils Birth *Deilber*, was on the Sie,
Ilk Saul had ſunkin throu the Sin of thee,
War not the People made ſae miekle Prayer.

XXVII.

QUHEN that the Schip was ſaynt and under Sail,
Foul Brow in Hoil thou purpoſt for to paſs,
Thou ſchot and was not ſicker of thy Tail,
Beſhait the Steir, the Compas and the Glaſs,
The Skiper bad gar land thee at the Baſs,
Thou ſpewd and cuſte mony a laithly Lump,
Faſter nor all the Mariners coud pump,
And zit thy Wame is war nor eir it was.

XXVIII. HAD

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XXVIII.

HAD they been ſae provided of Schot of Gun
By Men of Weir, bot perell they had paſt;
As thou was lowſe and ready with thy Bun,
They neid haif tane nae towing at the laſt,
For thou could cuke a Cartful at a Caſt;
Ther is nae Ship that thee will now reſaif,
Faſter thou fylt than Fyfteenſum might laife,
And myrd them with thy Muck to the mid Maſt.

XXIX.

THROW *Ingland* theive, and tak thee to thy Fute,
And bound to haif with thee a fals Botwand,
Ane Horſmanſhell thou call thee at the Mute,
And with that Craft convoy thee throw the Land;
Be naithing airch, but fairly tak in Hand;
Happen thou to be hangit in *Northumber*,
Then all thy Kin are weil quit of thy Cumber,
For that maun be thy Dume I underſtand.

XXX.

HIE ſoverain Lord, let neir this ſinful Sot
Do Schame frae hame unto zour Nation;
Let neir again ſic an be calld a *Scot*,
A rotten Crok Lowſe of the Dok ther doun.

Frae

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Frae honeſt Folk devyde the laithly Loun,
On ſum wyld Deſert quhair ther is no Repair,
For fyling and infecting of the Air,
Carry this cankert corrupt Carion.

XXXI.

THOU was conſavit in the grit Eclipps,
Ane Monſter maid be grit *Mercurius*,
Nae Hald-again or Ho is on thy Hipps,
Infortunate, curſt, falſe and furious,
Ill-ſchriven, wan-thriven, not clein nor curious,
A Myting for flyting, the Flurdome maiſt lyke,
A crabbit, ſcabbit, ill-facit Meſſen tyke,
A Schit, bot Wit, ſchrewt and injurious.

XXXII.

GREIT in the Glaiks, gude Maiſter Gwiliane Gowkks,
Maiſt imperfyte in Poetrie and Proſe,
All cloſs under the Cloud of Nicht thou coukks;
Rymes thou of me, of Rethory the Roſe!
Lunatick Lymmar, Luſchbald, lous thy Hoſe,
That I may touch thy Tung with Tribulation,
In recompenſing of thy Conſpiration,
Or turſs thee out of *Scotland*, tak thy Choice.

XXXIII. A

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XXXIII.

A Benefice quha wald gife ſic a Beiſt,
But gif it wer to jingle *Judas* Bells,
Tak thee a Fiddle or a Flute to jeſt,
Undocht thou art, ordaind for naithing ells,
Thy clouted Cloak, thy Scrip and Clam-ſchells,
Cleik on thy Croſs, and fair on into *France*,
And cum thou neir again without Miſchance;
The Feynd fair with the forward ower the Fells.

XXXIV.

CANKERT Cayne, tryd Trowane, *tute-villous*,
Marmadin, Mynmerkin, Monſter of all Men,
I ſall gar bake thee to the Laird of *Hillhouſe*,
To ſwelly thee inſtead of a pullt Hen;
Fazart Fowmart, foſtert in Filth and Fen,
Foul frontit Feynd, Fule upon thy Phyſnomy,
Thy Dok ay dreips of Dirt, and will not dry;
To tume thy Tun wald tyre Carlings ten.

XXXV.

CURST Conſpirator, Cockatrice, Hells Ka,
Turk, Trumper, Traytor, Tyranne, intemprate,
Thou yrefull Attercap, Pylat, *Apoſtata*,
Judas, *Jew*, Janglor, lollard Lawreat,

Sarazen

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Sarazen, *Symonite*, proud Pagan, pronunceat,
Mahomeit, manſworn, Atheiſt abominable,
Deil dampint Dog, in Vyce inſatiable;
With *Gog* and *Magog* greit Glorificat.

XXXVI.

NERO thy Nevoy, *Goliah* thy Grandſyre,
Pharo thy Fader, *Egyppa* thy Dame,
Deilbeir thir ar, the Cauſe that I conſpyre
Gainſt thee, and ilka ſutie Deil thy Eme;
Belzebub thy full Brudder he will claim
To be thy Air, and *Cayphas* thy Sector,
Pluto Heid of thy Kin and thy Protector,
To leid the doun to Hell frae Licht and Leme.

XXXVII.

DEILBEIR, thy Speir of Weir, bot Feir, thou zeild,
Hangit, Mangit, Edder-ſtangit, Stryndie *Stultorum*,
To me, maiſt hie, *Kennedie*, and flie the Feild;
Picket, wicket, ſtricket, convickit, Lump *lullardorum*,
Defamit, ſchamit, blamit, *primus Paganorum;*
Out out, I ſchout upon that Snout that ſnevils,
Tale-teller, Rebeller, Indweller with the Divels;
Spink, ſink, with Stink *ad Tartara termagorum*.

The

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The merry Teſtament of Maſter Andro Kennedy, *Maid by Maſter* William Dunbar, *when he was like to dy.*

I.

I Maſter *Andro Kennedy*,
A curio quando ſum vocatus,
Begotten with ſum Incuby,
Or with ſum Freir *infatuatus*;
I cannot, Faith, tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
But this in Truth I trow trewly,
Quod ſum Diabolus incarnatus.

II.

CUM nihil ſit certius morte,
We maun all die quhen we haif done,
Neſcimus quando, vēl qua forte,
Nor blind allane wait of the Mone;
Ego patior in pectore,
Throw Nicht I could not ſleip a Wink,
Licet æger in corpore,
Zit wald my Mouth be wat with Drink.

NUNC

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III.

NUNC condo Teſtamentum meum,
I leave my Saul for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
Into my Lordis gude Wyne Cellar,
Semper ibi ad remanendum,
Till Dumeſday cum without Diſſever,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
With ſweit *Cuthbert* that luved me nevir.

IV.

IPSE eſt dulcis ad amandum,
He wald aft ban me in his Braith,
Det mihi modò ad potandum,
And I forgave him laith and wraith,
Quia in Cellar *cum cerviſia,*
I had leur ly baith air and late,
Nudus ſolus in camiſia,
Than in my Lords braw Bed of State.

V.

A Barrell being at my Boſom,
Of warldly Gude I bad nae mair,
Et corpus meum ebrioſum,
I leif unto the Toun of *Air,*

In

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In a Draff Midding eir and ay,
Ut ibi ſepelire queam;
Quhair Drink and Draff may ilka Day
Be cuſten *ſuper faciem meam.*

VI.

I leif my Heart that neir was ſicker,
Sed ſemper variabile,
That evermair wad flow and flicker,
Conſorti meo Jacobi;
Thoch I wald bind it with a Wicker,
Verum Deum renui,
But and I hecht to tume a Bicker,
Hoc pactum ſemper tenui.

VII.

Syne leif I the beſt Aucht I bocht,
Quod eſt Latinum propter cape
To my Kin-heid, but waite I nocht,
Quis eſt ille, than ſchrew my Skape:
I tald my Lord my Heid but hiddle,
Sed mille alii hoc ſciverunt,
We wer as ſib as Sive and Riddle,
In una ſilva quæ creverunt.

VIII. *QUIA*

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VIII.

QUIA mea ſolatia,
They wer but Leiſings all and ane,
Cum omni fraude & falacia,
I leif the Maiſter of Sanct *Anthane,*
To *William Gray* ein *ſine gratia,*
My ain deir Cuſine, as I wene,
Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
But quhen the Holand-tree grows grene.

IX.

My fenzeing and my falſe Winning,
Relinquo falſis fratribus,
For thats conform to Gods ain Bidding,
Diſparſis dedit pauperibus;
For Mens Sauls they ſay and ſing,
Mentientes pro muneribus,
Now God give them an evil Ending,
Pro ſuis pravis operibus.

X.

To *Jok* the Fule, my Folly frie,
Lego poſt corpus ſepultum,
In Faith I am mair Fule than he,
Licet oſtendo bonum multum,

Of

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Of Corn and Cattle, Gold and Fie,
Ipſe habet valde multum,
And zit he bleiris my Lordis Ee,
Fingendo eum fore ſtultum.

XI.

To Maſter *Johny Clerk* ſyne,
Do & lego intime,
Gods braid Maleſon and myne,
Nam ipſe eſt cauſa mortis meæ,
Wer I a Dog, and he a Swyne,
Multi mirantur ſuper me,
But I ſuld gar that Lurdane quhryne,
Scribendo dentes ſine D.

XII.

RESIDUUM omnium bonorum
Reſts to diſpone my Lord ſall haif,
Cum tutela puerorum,
Baith *Edie*, *Katie*, and all the laife;
In Faith I will nae langer raife,
Pro ſepultura ordino,
On the new Gyſe, ſae God me ſaife,
Non ſicut more ſolito.

XIII. *IN*

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XIII.

In die meæ ſepulturæ,
I will haif nane but our ain Gang,
Et duos ruſticos de rure,
Bearand ane Barrell on a Stang,
Drinkand and playand Cap-out evin,
Sicut egomet ſolebam,
Singand and greitand with the Stevin,
Potum meum cum fletu miſcebam.

XIV.

I will nae Prieſts for me ſhall ſing,
Dies illa dies iræ,
Nor zit nae Bells for me to ring,
Sicut ſemper ſolet fieri,
But a Bag-pyp to play a Spring,
Et unum Ale-wiſp *ante me,*
Inſtead of Torches for to bring,
Quatuor lagunas cerviſiæ,
Within the Grave to ſet ſic Thing
In modum crucis juxta me,
To fley the Feynds, than hardly ſing
De terra plaſmaſti me.

Diſ-

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Diſcration in Aſking.

I.

OF every Aſking follows nocht
Reward, but gif ſum Cauſe were wrocht:
And quhair Cauſe is Men weil may ſe,
And quhair nane is, it will be thocht
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

II.

ANE Fule, thocht he haif Cauſe or nane,
Cryis ay, Gife me, unto a Drene;
And he that dronis ay lyke an Bie,
Suld haif ane Heirar dull as Stane;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

III.

SUM aſkis mair than he deſervs,
Sum aſkis far leſs than he ſervs,
Sum ſchames to aſk, and braids of me,
And all without Reward he ſterves;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

IV. To

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IV.

To aſk bot Service hurts gude Fame,
To aſk for Service nane ſuld blame,
  To ſerve and leif in Beggartie,
To Man and Maiſter baith is Schame;
  In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

V.

He that dois all his beſt Servyis,
May ſpill it all with Crakks and Cryis,
  And be foul Importunitie;
For feweſt Words may ſerve the wyis;
  In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

VI.

Nocht neidfull is Men ſuld be dum,
Nathing is gotin without Words ſum,
  Nocht ſpeids bot Diligence we ſe;
For nathing it alane will cum;
  In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

VII.

Asking wald haif convenient Place,
Convenient Tyme, Laiſar and Space,
  Bot Haiſt or Preis of grit Menzie,
Bot Heart abaiſt, bot Tung reckles;
  In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

VIII. Sum

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VIII.

SUM micht haif (ze) with little Cure,
That hes aft (nay) with grit Labour
All for, that Tyme not byde can he,
And tyns baith Eirand and Honour;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

IX.

SUPPOSE the Servand be lang unquit,
The Lord ſumtyme reward will it,
Gif he dois not quhat Remedie;
To fecht with Fortune is nae Wit;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

Diſcration in Giving.

I.

TO ſpeik of Gifts or almous Deids,
Sum gives for Merit, ſum for Meids,
Sum warldlie Honour to up hie,
Gives aft to them that nathing neids;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

II. SUM

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II.

SUM gives for Pryd and Glory vain,
Sum gives with Grudging and with Pain,
Sum gives in Prattick for Supplie,
Sum gives for twyis as gude again;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

III.

SUM gives for Thank, ſum Cheritie,
Sum Money gives, and ſum gives Meit,
And ſum give Words baith fair and ſlie;
But Gifts frae ſum can nae Man treit;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

IV.

SUM gives ſo littil full wretchetly,
That all his Gifts ar not ſet by,
And for a Hude-pyk haldin his he,
That all the Warld cryis on him, Fy!
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

V.

SUM in his Giving is ſae large,
That all owre-laidin is his Berge,
Throw Vyce and Prodigalitie;
Thairof his Honour dois diſcharge;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

VI. SUM

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VI.

SUM to the rich Man gives his Geir,
That micht his Gifts richt weil forbeir,
Zit thocht the Pure for Falt ſuld die,
His Cry nocht enteris in his Eir;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

VII.

SUM gives to Strangeris with Face new,
That ziſterday frae *Flanderis* flew,
And auld Servands liſts not ſe,
Wer they neir of ſic grit Vertew;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

VIII.

SUM gives to them can aſk and plenzie,
Sum gives to them can fleich and fenzie,
Sum gives to Men of Honeſtie,
And halds all Jangelars at Diſdenzie;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

IX.

THAIR ſum gets Gifts and rich Arrayis,
To ſweir all that his Maiſter ſayis,
Thocht all the contrair weil kens he;
Ar mony ſic now in our Dayis;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

X. SUM

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X.

SUM gives gude Men for thair gude Kewis,
Sum gives to Trumpers and to Schrews,
Sum gives to ſchaw his Auctoritie;
But in thair Office gude foundin few is;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

XI.

SUM gives Parochines full wyde,
Kirks of Saint *Bernard* and Saint *Bryde*,
To teich, to rule, and to owreſie,
To ſum richt ſkant of Grace to gyde;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

Follows Diſcration in Taking.

I.

NOw after Giving I ſpeik of Taking,
But littill of ony Gude forſaiking;
Sum taks owre ſcrimp Autoritie,
And ſum owre-mekle, and that is glaiking;
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

II. THE

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II.

THE Clerks tak Benifices with Brawls,
Sum of Saint *Peter*, ſum of Saint *Pauls*,
Take he the Rents, nae Cair hes he,
Abeit the Deil tak all thair Sauls;
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

III.

BARONS tak frae thair Tennants pure
All Fruit that grows upon the Feure,
In Mails and Gerſomes raiſt owre hie,
And gars them beg frae Dore to Dore;
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

IV.

AND ſum tak uther Mens Takks,
And on the Pure Oppreſſion maks,
And nevir mynds that he maun die,
Quhyle that the Gallows gar him rax;
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

V.

SUM taks be Sie and ſum be Land,
And nevir frae Taking hald thair Hand,
Till they be tyit up to a Trie;
And ſyn they gar them underſtand
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

VI. SUM

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VI.

SUM wald tak all his Nichbours Geir,
Had he of Man as little Feir,
As he hes Dreid that GOD him se,
To tak then sould he nevir forbeir;
In Taking suld Discration be.

VII.

SUM wald tak all this Warlds Breid,
And zet nocht satisfiet thair Neid,
Throw Heart unsatiable and greidie,
Sum wald tak littill, and cannot speid;
In Taking suld Discration be.

VIII.

GRIT Men for Taking and Oppression,
Ar sett full famous at the Session,
Quhile pure Takkars are hangit hie,
Schamit for evir and thair Succession;
In Taking suld Discration be.

IX.

SUM taks the Makkaris ruising kynd,
But a Rewaird dois nevir mynd,
Few Pairts with Pelf for Poetry,
That gars my poutch be aft ill lynd;
In Taking suld Discration be.

The foregoing three quod MR. Wm. DUNBAR.

On

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On Detraction and Deming.

I.

MUSING alane this hinder Nicht,
Of mirry Day, quhen gane was Licht,
Within a Garth undir a Trie,
I hard ane Voce that ſaid on Hicht,
May nae Man now undemit be:

II.

FOR thocht I be an crownit King,
Zit ſall I not eſchew Deming;
Sum calls me gude, ſum ſays I lie,
Sum craifs of GOD to end my Ring,
Sae ſall I not undemit be.

III.

BE I a Lord, and not Lord lyke,
Than every Pelour and Purſe-pyke,
Says, Land wer better waird on me,
Thocht he dow nocht to leid a Tyke,
Zit can he not let Deming be.

IV. BE

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IV.

Be I a Lady freſch and fair,
With Gentlemen makand repair,
Then will they ſay baith ſcho and he,
That I am japit late and air,
Thus ſall I not undemit be.

V.

Be I an Courtman or a Knycht,
Honeſtly cled that ſets me richt,
Ane prydfull Man ſyne call they me:
But God ſend them a Widdy wicht,
That cannot let ſic Deming be.

VI.

Be I but little of Stature,
They call me Cative, Droich Creature,
And be I large of Quantity,
They call me monſterous of Nature;
Thus can they not let Deming be.

VII.

And be I ornat in my Speich;
Then *Towſy* ſayis I am ſae ſtreich,
I ſpeik not lyke thair Houſe Menzie,
Suppoſe her Mouth miſters a Leich,
Zit can ſcho not let Deming be.

VIII. But

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VIII.

BUT wiſt thir Folk that uther deims,
How that their Saws to uthers ſeims,
Thair vicious Words and Vainity,
Thair trattling Tungs that all furth teims,
Tharis ſum wald let thair Deming be.

IX.

GUDE JAMES the Ferd our nobill King,
Quhen that he was of Zeirs zing,
In Sentence ſaid full ſubtilie,
Do weil and ſet nocht by Deming,
For nae Man ſall undemit be.

X.

AND ſae I ſall with God his Grace,
Keip his Command into that Caſe,
Beſickand ay the TRINITY,
In Hevin that I may haif a place,
For thair ſall no Man demit be.

Quod Mr. W. DUNBAR.

Sons

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Sons exylt by Pryde.

I.

SONS hes bene ay exylit far out of Sicht,
Sen ilka Knaif was cled in ſilken Goun,
Welfare and Welth ar gane without gude Nicht,
And in thair Rowms remains dull Derth and Neid,
Pryd is amang us enterit, bot GOD ſpeid,
And leird our Lords to gang now leſs and mair,
With ſilken Gouns, and Cellars tume and bair.

II.

Now a ſmall *Barons* rich Abulzement,
In ſilkin Furrings, Chenzies and ſic Geir,
Micht furniſs Fourty into *Jack* and Splent,
Weil bodin at his Back with Bow and Speir
It wer full meit gif it happens be Weir,
That all this Pryd of Silk wer quyt laid doun.
And changit in *Jack Knapska* and *Abergown.*

III. WALD

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III.

WALD all the Lords lay up thair rich Arrays,
And gar unfulziet keip them clene and fair,
And weir them but on hie triumphand Days,
And quhen Strangers do in this Realme repair,
They neidit not buy Silk Rayments mair,
This Twenty Zeir for them, and thair Succeſſion,
Gif ſinfull Pryde nocht blindit thair Diſcretion.

IV.

THAIR Men alſo maun be bot Smyt or Smot,
Frae his Caprouſy be with Ribbons laiſt,
With Velvet Bord about his threid-bare Coit:
On Woman Wayis weil tyit about his Waiſt,
His Hat on Syde ſet up for ony Haiſt,
For Hichtines the Culroun dois miſken,
His awin Maiſter as weil as uther Men.

V.

QUHA ſinns in Pryd, does firſt to God Grivance,
Quha out of Hevin to Hell gaif it a Fall;
Syne of himſelf weſtis faſt his Subſtance,
Sae lerge, that it owrepaſſes his Rentall,
His Tennants pure he dois oppreſs with all;
His coiſtly Gown, with Tail ſae wyde out ſpred,
His nakit Farmours gars hungry gae to Bed.

Quod CLERK.

Satyre

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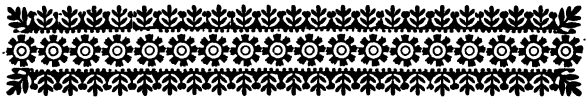

SATYRE on Covetouſneſs.

I.

FREIDOM, Honour and Nobillneſs,
Meid Manheid, Mirth and Gentillneſs,
Ar now in Court repute as Vyce,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

II.

ALL Weilfare, Welth and Wantoneſs,
Ar changit into Wretchetneſs,
And Play is ſet at little Pryce,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

III.

HALKING, Hunting and ſwift Horſe rining,
Ar changit all in wranous winning,
Thair is nae Play but Cards and Dyce,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

V. HEARTY

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IV.

HEARTY Houſe-halding is all laid doun,
A Laird has with him but a Loun,
That leids him after his Devyce,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

V.

IN Burghs to Landwart and to Sie,
Quhair Pleſour was and grit Plentie,
Veniſon Wyld-foul Wyn, and Spyce,
Ar now decayd throw Covetyce.

VI.

HUSBANDS that Grangis had full greit,
Cattle and Corn to ſell and eit,
Hes now nae Beiſts but Cats and Myce,
And all throw Cauſe of Covetyce.

VII.

HONEST Zemen in every Toun,
Quha wont to weir baith Red and Broun,
Ar now arrayt in Raggs with Lyce,
And all throw Cauſe of Covetyce.

VIII. AND

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VIII.

And Lairds in Silks harle to the Deil,
For quhilk thair Tennants ſald Summer Meil,
And lives on Ruits under the Ryſs,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

IX.

Quha that dois Deids of Pietie,
And lives in Pece and Cheritie,
Is haldin a Fule, and that full Nyce,
And all, *&c.*

X.

And quha can reive uther Mens Rowms,
And upon pure Men gadder Sowms,
Is thocht an active Man and Wyſe,
And all, *&c.*

XI.

Man, pleis thy Maker, and be merry,
And value nocht this Warld a Cherry;
Work for a Place in Paradyce,
For thairin rings nae Covetyce.

The

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The CHERRIE *and the* SLAE,

Compylt into Scottis *Meeter by Captain* Alexander Montgomery.

I.

ABOUT an Bank with Balmy Bewis,
Quhair Nychtingales thair Notis renewis
With gallant Goldſpinks gay;
The Mavis, Merle, and Progne proud,
The Lintquhyt, Lark and Lavrock loud,
Salutit mirthful *May*.
Quhen *Philomel* had ſweitly ſung,
To Progne ſcho deplord,
How *Tereus* cut out hir Tung,
And falſly her deflourd;
Quhilk Story ſo ſorie
To ſchaw hir ſelf ſcho ſeimt,
To heir hir ſo neir hir,
I doutit if I dreimt.

II. THE

This Edition is taken from two curious old ones, the firſt printed by *Robert Walgrave*, the King's Printer, in 1597, according to a Copy corrected by the Author himſelf; the other by *Andro Hart*, printed 1615, ſaid on the Title Page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 Quatuorzeims, not long before the Author's Death.

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II.

THE Cuſhat crouds, the Corbie crys,
The Coukow couks, the prattling Pyes,
To geck hir they begin:
The Jargoun or the jangling Jayes,
The craiking Craws, and keckling Kays,
They deavt me with thair Din.
The painted pawn with *Argos* Eyis,
Can on his Mayock call;
The Turtle wails on witherit Treis,
And Eccho anſwers all,
Repeting with Greiting,
How fair *Narciſſus* fell,
By lying and ſpying
His Schadow in the Well.

III.

I ſaw the Hurcheon and the Hare
In Hidlings hirpling heir and thair,
To mak thair Morning mange.
The Con, the Cuning and the Cat,
Quhais dainty Downs with Dew were wat,
With ſtiff Muſtachis ſtrange.

The

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The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,
The Fulmart and falſe Fox;
The Beardit Buck clam up the Brae,
With birſſy Bairs and Brocks;
Sum feiding, ſum dreiding
The Hunters ſubtle Snairs,
With ſkipping and tripping,
They playit them all in Pairs.

IV.

THE Air was ſobir, ſaft and ſweit,
Nae miſty Vapours, Wind nor Weit,
But quyit, calm and clear,
To foſter *Floras* fragrant Flowris,
Quhairon *Apollos* Paramouris,
Had trinklit mony a Teir;
The quhilk lyke Silver Schaikers ſhynd,
Embroydering Bewties Bed,
Quhairwith their Heavy Heids declynd,
In *Mayis* Collouris cled,
Sum knoping, ſum droping,
Of balmy Liquour ſweit,
Excelling and ſmelling,
Throw *Phebus* hailſum Heit.

V. ME-

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V.

METHOCHT an heavenlie heartſum Thing,
Quhair Dew lyke Diamonds did hing,
Owre twinkling all the Treis,
To ſtudy on the Fluriſt Twiſts,
Admiring Natures Alchymiſts,
Laborious buſſie Bies,
Quhairof ſum ſweiteſt Honie ſocht,
To ſtay thair Lyves frae Sterve,
And ſum the waxie Veſchells wrocht,
Thair Purchaſe to preſerve;
So heiping, for keiping
It in thair Hyves they hyde,
Preciſely and wyſely,
For Winter they provyde.

VI.

To pen the Pleaſures of that Park,
How every Bloſſom Branch and Bark,
Againſt the Sun did ſhyne,
I paſs to Poetis to compyle,
In hich heroick ſtaitlie Style,
Quhais Muſe ſurmatches myne.

But

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But as I lukit myne alane,
I ſaw a River rin
Outowre a ſteipie Rock of Stane,
Syne lichtit in a Lin,
With tumbling and rumbling
Amang the Roches round,
Devalling and falling,
Into a Pit profound.

VII.

THROW rowting of the River rang,
The Roches ſounding lyke a Sang,
Quhair Das Kane did abound;
With Triple, Tenor, Counter, Mein,
And Ecchoe blew a Baſe betwene,
In Diapaſon Sound,
Set with the *C--ſol--fa--uth* Cleif,
With Lang and Large at liſt;
With Quaver, Crotchet, Semibreif,
And not an Minum miſt,
Compleitly mair ſweitly
Scho fridound flat and ſchairp,
Nor Muſes that uſes
To pin *Apollos* Harp.

VIII. QUHA

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VIII.

QUHA wald haif tyrt to heir that Tune,
Quhilk Birds corroborate ay abune,
With Lays of luveſum Larks,
Quhilk clim ſae high in Chryſtal Skys,
Quhyle *Cupid* walkens with the Crys,
Of Natures Chappel Clerks,
Quha leving all the Hevins abuve,
Allichted on the Eird.
Lo how that little Lord of Luve,
Before me thair appeird,
Sae myld lyke and Chyld lyk,
With Bow three Quarters ſcant,
Syne moylie and coylie,
He lukit lyke ane Sant.

IX.

ANE cleinly Criſp hang owre his Eyis,
His Quaver by his nakit Thyis
Hang in an Silver Lace;
Of Gold betwixt his Schoulders grew,
Twa pretty Wings quhairwith he flew,
On his left Arm ane Brace.

This

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This God ſone aff his Geir he ſchuke,
Upon the graſſie Grund;
I ran als lichtly for to luke,
Quhair Ferlies micht be fund:
Amaſit I gaſit
To ſee his Geir ſae gay,
Perſaiſing myne Haveing,
He countit me his Prey.

X.

His Zouth and Stature made me ſtout,
Of Doubleneſs I had nae Doubt,
But bourded with my Boy:
Quod I, How call they thee my Chyld,
Cupido, Sir, quod he, and ſmyld,
Pleaſe you me to imploy;
For I can ſerve you in your Suite,
If you pleaſe to impyre,
With Wings to flie, and Schafts to ſchute
Or Flamis to ſet on Fyre.
Mak Choice then of thoſe then,
Or of a thouſand Things,
But crave them and have them,
With that I wowd his Wings.

XI. Quhat

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XI.

QUHAT wald thou gif my Freind, *quod he*,
To haif thir wanton Wings to flie,
To ſport thy Sprit a quhyle;
Or quhat gif I ſuld lend the Heir,
Bow, Quaver, Schafts and Schuting Geir,
Sum Body to begyle:
That Geir, *quod I*, cannot be bocht,
Zit I wald haif it fain;
Quhat gif, *quod he*, it coſt thee nocht,
But rendering all again:
His Wings then he brings then,
And band them on my Back,
Go flie now, *quod he*, now,
And ſae my Leif I tak.

XII.

I ſprang up with *Cupidoes* Wings,
Quha Bow and Schuting Geir reſigns,
To lend me for a Day:
As *Icarus* with borrowit Flicht,
I mountit hichar nor I micht,
Owre perrelous ane Play;

Then

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Then furth I drew that double Dart
Quhilk ſumtyme ſchot his Mother,
Quhairwith I hurt my wanton Hairt,
In Hope to hurt ane uther:
It hurt me or burnt me,
Quhyle either End I handill;
Cum ſe now in me now
The Butter-flie and Candill.

XIII.

As ſcho delyts into the Low,
Sae was I browdin of my Bow,
Als ignorant as ſcho;
And as ſcho flies quhyl ſcho be fyrt,
Sua with the Dart that I deſyrt,
My Hand has hurt me to;
As fuliſh *Phaeton* be Sute
His Fathers Cart obtaind,
Sa langt I in Luſis Bow to ſchute,
Not marking quhat it meind;
Mair wilfull than ſkilfull,
To flie I was ſae fond,
Deſyring, aſpyring;
And ſae was ſene upond.

XIV. Too

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XIV.

Too late I knew quha hewis to Hie,
The Spail ſall fall into his Eie,
Too late I went to Schuils;
Too late I heard the Swallow preich,
Too late Experience dois teich,
The Schuil-maiſter of Fuils;
Too late to fynd the Neſt I ſeik,
Quhen all the Birds ar flowin;
Too late the Stabil-dore I ſteik,
Quhen all the Steids ar ſtowin;
Too late ay thair State ay,
All fuliſh Folk eſpy,
Behind ſae, they find ſae
Remeid, and ſae do I.

XV.

Gif I had ryplie bene advyſt,
I had not raſchly enterpryſt,
To ſoir with borrowit Penns;
Nor zit had ſeyd the Archer-craft,
To ſchute my ſell with ſik a Schaft,
As Reaſon quyte miſkenns:

Frae

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Frae Wilfullneſs gaif me my Wound,
I had nae Force to flie,
Then came I grainand to the Ground,
Freind, Welcum hame, *quod he;*
Quhair flew ze? Quhome flew ze?
Or quha brings hame the Buiting?
I ſe now, *quod he*, now,
Ze haif bene at the Schuting.

XVI.

As Skorne cums commonlie with Skaith,
Sa I behuift to byde them baith,
Sae ſtakkering was my Stait!
That undir Cure I gat ſik Chek,
Quhilk I micht nocht remuif nor nek,
But eyther ſtail or mait;
My Agony was ſae extreme,
I ſwelt and ſwound for Feir,
But or I walkynt of my Dreme,
He ſpulzied me of my Geir;
With Flicht then on Hicht then
Sprang *Cupid* in the Skyis,
Forzetting and ſetting
At nocht my cairfull Cryis.

XVII. Sae

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XVII.

SAE lang with Sicht I followit him,
Quhyle baith my dazelit Eyis grew dim
With ſtairing on the Starns,
Quhilk flew ſae thick befoir my Ein,
Sum reid, ſum zellow, blew, ſum grene,
Quhilk trublit all my Harns,
That every Thing apperit twae
To my barbulzeit Brain,
But lang micht I ly luiking ſae,
Or *Cupid* came again;
Quhais Thundering, with Wondering,
I hard up throw the Air,
Throw Cluds ſo he thuds ſo,
And flew I wiſt not quhair.

XVIII.

THEN frae I ſaw that God was gane,
And I in Langour left allane,
And ſair tormentit to;
Sumtyme I ſicht, quhyl I was ſad,
Sumtyme I muſit and maiſt gane mad,
I wiſt not quhat to do;

Sumtyme

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Sumtyme I ravit, half in a Rage,
As ane into Diſpair,
To be oppreſt with ſic a Page,
Lord gif my Heart was ſair;
Lyke *Dido*, *Cupido*,
I widdill and I warie,
Quha reft me and left me
In ſic a Feirie-farie.

XIX.

THEN felt I *Curage* and *Deſyre*
Inflame my Heart with uncouth Fyre,
To me befoir unknawn;
But now nae Blude in me remains
Unbrunt and boyld within my Vaines,
By Luve his Bellies blawin;
To quench it or I was devorit,
With Sichs I went about,
But ay the mair I ſchupe to ſmorit,
The baulder it brak out;
Ay preiſing bot ceiſing,
Quhyl it micht breik the Bounds,
My Hew ſo furth ſchew ſo
The Dolour of my Wounds.

XX. WITH

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XX.

WITH deidly Viſage, pail and wan,
Mair lyke Anatomy than Man,
I widdert clein away,
As Wax befoir the Fyre, I felt
My Heart within my Boſom melt,
And Peice and Peice decay,
My Veines with brangling lyk to brek,
My Punſis lap with Pith;
Sae Fervency did me infek,
That I was vext thairwith:
My Heart ay did ſtart ay,
The fyrie Flamis to flie,
Ay howping, throw lowping,
To leap at Libertie.

XXI.

BUT, O alace! it was abuſit,
My cairfull Corps keipt it incluiſt,
In Preſoun of my Breiſt;
With Sichs ſae ſowpit and owre-ſet,
Lyk to ane Fiſch faſt in the Net,
In Deid thraw undeceiſt.

Quhà

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Quha thocht in vain ſcho ſtryve by Strenth
For to pull out hir Heid,
Quhilk profits naething at the length,
But haiſtning to hir Deid;
With wriſting and thirſting,
The faſter ſtill is ſcho,
Thair I ſo did ly ſo,
My Death advancing to.

XXII.

The mair I wreſtlit with the Wind,
The faſter ſtill my ſelf I find,
Nae Mirth my Mynd micht meiſe;
Mair Noy, nor I, had nevir nane,
I was ſae altert and owre-gane,
Throw Drowth of my Diſeiſe:
Zit weakly as I micht I raiſe,
My Sicht grew dim and dark,
I ſtakkerit at the Windill-ſtraes,
Nae Takin I was ſtark;
Baith ſichtles and michtles
I grew allmaiſt at ains,
In Angwiſche I langwiſche,
With mony grievous Grains.

XXIII. With

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XXIII.

WITH ſober Pace I did approche
Hard to the River and the Roche,
Quhairof I ſpak befoir;
The River ſic a Murmur maid,
As to the Sea it ſaftly ſlaid,
The Craig hich, ſtay and ſchoir:
Then Pleaſure did me ſae provok
Thair partly to repair,
Betwixt the River and the Rock,
Quhair *Houp* grew with *Diſpairé*;
A Trie than I ſie than
Of CHERRIES on the Braes,
Belaw to I ſaw to
Ane Buſs of bitter SLAES.

XXIV.

THE Cherries hang abune my Heid,
Lyke twynkland Rubies round and reid,
Sae hich up in the Hewch,
Quhais Schaddowis in the River ſchew,
Als graithly glancing as they grew
On trimbling Twiſtis, and tewch,

Quhilk

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Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair Birth,
Declyning doun thair Toppis,
Reflex of *Phebus* aff the *Firth*,
New colourit all thair Knoppis;
With danſing and glanſing,
In Tyrles dornik champ,
Quhilk ſtreimaned and leimed
Throw Lichtneſs of that Lamp.

XXV.

WITH earneſt Eie, quhyl I eſpy
The Fruit betwixt me and the Sky,
Half-gaite almaiſt to Hevin;
The Craig ſae cumberſum to clim,
The Trie ſae tall of Growth, and trim,
As ony Arrow evin:
I calld to mynd how *Daphne* did
Within the Laurell ſchrink,
Quhen from *Apollo* ſcho hir hid
A thouſand Tymes I think;
That Trie thair to me thair,
As he his Laurell thocht,
Aſpyring bot tyring,
To get that Fruit I ſocht.

XXVI. To

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XXVI.

To clim the Craig it was nae Buit,
Let be to preiſs to pull the Fruit
In Top of all the Trie;
I ſaw nae Way quhairby to cum,
Be ony Craft to get it clum,
Appeirandlie to me:
The Craig was ugly, ſtay and dreich,
The Trie lang, ſound and ſmall,
I was affrayd to clim ſa hich,
For Feir to fetch a Fall;
Affrayit to ſey it,
I luikit up on loft,
Quhyls minting, quhyls ſtinting,
My Purpoſe changit oft.

XXVII.

THEN *Dreid*, with *Danger* and *Diſpair*,
Forbad my minting onie mair
To rax abune my Reiche;
Quhat, Tuſche, quod *Curage*, Man go to,
He is but daft that has to do,
And ſpairs for every Speiche:

For

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For I haif aft hard ſuith Men ſay,
And we may ſee ourſells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
And Pultrones plain repells;
Then feir nocht nor heir nocht,
Dreid, *Danger* or *Diſpair*,
To Fazarts hard Hazarts,
Is deid or they cum thair.

XXVIII.

QUHA ſpeids, but ſic as heich aſpyris,
Quha triumphs nocht, but ſic as tryes
To win a nobill Name;
Of ſchrinking, quhat but Schame ſucceids,
Then do as thou wald haif thy Deids
In Regiſter of Fame:
I put the Cais thou nocht prevaild,
Sae thou with Honour die;
Thy Lyfe, but not thy Courage, faild,
Sall Poets pen of thee:
Thy Name than from Fame than
Sall nevir be cut aff,
Thy Graif ay ſall haif ay
That honeſt Epitaff.

XXIX. QUHAT

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XXIX.

QUHAT can thou loſſe, quhen Honour lives?
Renown (thy Vertew) ay revives,
Gif valiauntlie thou end:
Quod *Danger*, Huly, Freind, tak heid,
Untymous Spurring ſpills the Steid;
Tak tent quhat ze pretend:
Thocht *Courage* counſell thee to clim,
Beware thou kep nae Skaith,
Haif thou nae Help but *Hope* and him,
They may begyle thee baith:
Thyſell now may tell now
The Counſell of thae Clerks,
Quhairthrow zit I trow zit
Thy Breiſt dois beir the Marks.

XXX.

BRUNT Bairn with Fyre the *Danger* dreids,
Sa I belief thy Boſome bleids,
Sen laſt that Fyre thou felt:
Beſyds that, ſeindle Tymes thou ſeis
That evir *Courage* keips the Keis
Of Knawledge at his Belt;

Thocht

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Thocht he bid fordwart with his Guns,
Small Powder he provyds,
Be not ane Novice of that Nunnes,
That ſaw nocht baith the Syds;
Fule-haiſt ay almaiſt ay,
Owre-ſails the Sicht of ſum,
Quha huiks not, nor luiks not
Quhat eftirward may cum.

XXXI.

Zit Wiſdom wiſches thee to wey
This Figure in Philoſophy,
A Leſſoun worth to leir,
Quhilk is in Tyme for to tak tent,
And not quhen Tyme is paſt, repent,
And buy Repentance deir;
Is thair nae Honour eftir Lyfe,
Except thou ſlay thyſell,
Quhairfoir has *Atropos* that Knyfe?
I trow thou cannot tell:
Quha bot it wald cut it,
Quhilk *Clotho* ſkairs has ſpun,
Diſtroying thy Joying
Befoir it be begun.

XXXII. All

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XXXII.

ALL Owres ar repute to be Vyce,
Owre hich, owre law, owre raſch, owre nyce,
Owre het or zit owre cauld;
Thou ſeims unconſtant, be thy Signs,
Thy Thocht is on a thouſand Things,
Thou wats not quhat thou wald;
Let Fame hir Pitie on the poure,
Quhen all thy Banes ar brokin,
Zone SLAE, ſuppoſe thou think it ſoure,
May ſatisfie to ſlokkin
Thy Drouth now, of Zouth now,
Quhilk dryes thee with Deſyre,
Aſſwage than thy Rage, Man,
Foul Watter quenches Fyre.

XXXIII.

QUHAT Fule art thou to die of Thriſt,
And now may quench it, gif thou liſt
Sae eaſylie bot Pain;
Mair Honour is to vanquiſch ane
Than feicht with tenſum and be tane,
And owther hurt or ſlain:

The

The Prattick is to bring to pas,
And not to enterpryſe,
And als gude drinking out of Glas
As Gold in ony Ways;
I levir haif evir
A Foul in hand or tway,
Nor ſieand ten flieand
About me all the Day.

XXXIV.

Luke quhair thou licht befoir thou lowp,
And ſlip na Certainty for Howp,
Quha gyds thee but begeſs.
Quod *Courage*, Cowards tak nae Cure
To ſit with Schame, ſae they be ſure,
I lyke them all the leſs;
Quhat Pleſure purcheſt is bot Pain,
Or Honour win with Eiſe,
He will not ly quhair he is ſlain,
That douttis befoir he dies:
For *Feir* then I heir then,
But only ane Remeid,
Quhilk latt is, and that is
For to cut aff the Heid.

XXXV. Quhat

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XXXV.

QUHAT is the Way to heil thy Hurt?
Quhat is the Way to ſtay thy Sturt?
Quhat meins may mak the merrie?
Quhat is the Comfort that thou craivs?
Suppoſe thir Sophiſts thee deſaivs:
Thou knaws it is the *Cherrie;*
Sen for it only thou but thriſts,
The *Slae* can be nae Buit;
In it alſo thy Helth conſiſts,
And in nae uther Fruit;
Quhy quaiks now, and ſchaiks thou?
And ſtudys at our Stryfe,
Advyſe thee, it lyes thee,
On nae leſs than thy Lyfe.

XXXVI.

GIF any Patient wald be panſt,
Quhy ſuld he lowp quhen he is lanſt,
Or ſchrink quhen he is ſchorn;
For I haif hard Chirurgians ſay,
Aftymes defferring of a Day,
Micht not be mend the Morn.

Tak

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Tak Tyme in Tyme, or Tyme be tint;
For Tyme will not remain:
Quhat forces Fyre out of the Flint,
But als hard match again.
Delay not, and fray not,
And thou ſall ſie it ſae,
Sic gets ay that ſetts ay,
Stout Stomaks to the Brae.

XXXVII.

THOCHT all Beginnings be maiſt hard,
The End is pleſand afterward;
Then ſchrink not for a Schowre;
Frae anes that thou thy Greining get,
Thy Pain and Travel is forzet,
The Sweit exceids the Soure;
Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir,
For *Howp* gude Hap hes hecht.
Quod *Danger* be not ſudden, Sir,
The Matter is of Wecht;
Firſt ſpy baith, and try baith,
Advyſement does nane Ill,
I ſay then, ye may then,
Be willfull quhen ze will.

XXXVIII. BUT

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XXXVIII.

BUT zit to Mynd the Proverb call,
Quha uſes Perrils periſh ſall,
Schort quhyle thair Lyfe them laſts.
And I haif hard, *quod Howp*, that he
Sall nevir ſchaip to ſail the Se,
That for all Perrills caſts.
How mony throw Diſpair are Deid,
That nevir Perrills preivt?
How mony alſo, gif thou reid,
Of Lyves have we releivt?
Quha being evin dieing,
Bot Danger, but diſpaird;
A Hunder, I wonder,
But thou haſt hard declaird.

XXXIX.

GIF we twa hald not up thy Heart,
Quhilk is the Cheif and nobleſt Part,
Thy Wark wald not gang weil,
Conſidering thae Companions can
Diſwade a ſilly ſimple Man,
To haſard for his Heil,

Suppoſe

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Suppoſe they haif deſavit ſum,
Or they and we micht meit;
They get nae Credence quhair we cum,
With ony Man of Spreit,
By Reaſoun thair Treaſoun
Be us is firſt eſpyt,
Reveiling thair Deiling,
Quhilk dow not be denyt.

XL.

With ſleikit Sophiſms ſeiming ſweit
As all thair Doings war diſcreit,
They wiſh thee to be wyſe,
Poſtponing Tyme frae Hour to Hour,
But Faith in underneath the Flowr,
The lurking Serpent lyes;
Suppoſe thou ſeis her not a Styme,
Till that ſcho ſtings thy Fute:
Perſaivs thou nocht quhat precious Tyme,
Thy ſlewthing does owreſchute.
Allace Man! thy Caſe Man,
In lingring I lament,
Go to now and do now,
That Courage be content.

XLI. Quhat

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XLI.

QUHAT gif Melancholy cum in,
And get ane Grip or thou begin,
Than is thy Labour loſt;
For he will hald thee hard and faſt,
Till Tyme and Place and Fruit be paſt,
And thou give up the Ghoſt:
Than ſall be graivd upon the Stane,
Quhilk on thy Graif is laid,
Sumtyme thair lived ſic a ane;
But how ſall it be ſaid?
Here lyes now, but pryſe now
Into Diſhonours Bed,
And Cowart as thou art,
That from his Fortune fled.

XLII.

IMAGYNE Man, gif thou wer laid
In Graif, and ſyne micht heir this ſaid,
Wald thou not ſweit for Schame?
Yes, Faith I doubt nocht but thou wald:
Therefoir gif thou has Ene behald,
How they wald ſmoir thy Fame.

Gae

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Gae to and mak nae mair Excuſe,
Or Lyfe and Honour loſe,
And outher them or us refuſe,
There is nae uther Choſe.
Conſider togidder,
That we can nevir dwell,
At length ay by Strenth ay
Thae Pultrones we expell.

XLIII.

Quod *Danger*, Sen I underſtand,
That Counſell can be nae Command,
I have nae mair to ſay,
Except gif that he thocht it good;
Tak Counſell zit or ze conclude
Of wyſer Men nor they.
They are but rackleſs, zung and raſche,
Suppoſe they think us fleid;
Gif of our Fellowſchip zou faſche,
Gang with them hardly beit.
God ſpeid zou, they leid zou,
That has not meikle Wit.
Expell us, zeil tell us,
Heiraftir comes not zit.

XLIV. Quhyle

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XLIV.

QUHYLE *Danger* and *Diſpair* retyrt,
Experience came in and ſpeirt
Quhat all the Matter meind;
With him came *Reaſon*, *Wit* and *Skill*,
And they began to ſpeir at *Will*,
Quhair mak ze to my Freind?
To pluck zone luſty Cherrie loe,
Quod he, and quyte the Slae:
Quod they, Is there nae mair ado,
Or ze win up the Brae?
But to it, and do it,
Perforce the Fruit to pluck,
Weil, Brother, ſum uther
Were better to conduct.

XLV.

WE grant ze may be gude aneuch;
But zit the Hazard of zon Heuch,
Requyris ane graver Gyde;
As wyſe as ze are may gae wrang;
Thairfore tak Counſail or ze gang
Of ſum that ſtand beſyde.

But

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But quha war zon three ze forbad
Zour Company richt now;
Quod *Will*, three Prechours to perſwad
The poyſond Slae to pow.
They trattlit and prattellit,
A lang half Hour and mair;
Foul fall them, they call them
Dreid, *Danger* and *Diſpair*.

XLVI.

THEY are mair faſchious nor of Feck,
Zon Fazards durſt not for thair Neck
Clim up the Craig with us;
Frae we determinit to die,
Or elſe to clim zon Cherrie Trie,
They baid about the Buſs.
They are conditiond lyk the Cat,
They wald not weit thair Feit,
But zit gif ony Fiſch ze gat,
They wald be fain to eit.
Thocht they now, I ſay now,
To hazard haif nae Heart,
Zit luck we and pluck we,
The Fruit they wald haif part.

XLVII. BUT

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XLVII.

BUT frae we get our Voyage wun,
They ſall not than a Cherrie cun,
That wald not enterpryſe;
Weil, quod *Experience*, ze boiſt;
But he that counts without his Oiſt,
He aſtentymes counts twyſe.
Ze ſell the Beirs Skin on his Back,
But byde quhyle ze it get;
Quhen ze have done, its Tyme to crack
Ze fiſh befoir the Net.
Quhat haiſt, Sir, ze taiſt, Sir,
The Cherry or ze pou it;
Bewar zit, ze ar zit
Mair talkative nor trowit.

XLVIII.

CALL Danger back again, quod *Skill*,
To ſe quhat he can ſay to *Will*,
We ſee him ſchod ſae ſtrait:
We may nocht trow quhat ilk ane tells;
Quod *Courage* we concludit ells,
He ſervis not for our Mait;

For

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For I can tell zou all perqueir
His Counſail or he cum:
Quod *Will* quhairto ſoud he cum heir,
He cannot hald his himdumb;
He ſpeiks ay, and ſeiks ay
Delay of Tyme be Drifts;
He grievis us, and deivs us,
With Sophiſtries and Schifts.

XLIX.

Quod *Reaſoun*, quhy was he debard?
The Tale is ill may not be hard,
Zet let us heir him anis.
Then *Danger* to declair began,
How *Hope* and *Courage* took the Man,
To leid him all thair lains;
For they wald haif him up the Hill,
Bot owther Stap or Stay:
And quha was welcomer than *Will*,
He wald be formoſt ay;
He could do, and ſould do,
Quha evir wald or nocht,
Sic ſpeiding proceiding
Unlyklie was I thocht.

L. Thair-

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L.

THAIRFOR I wiſht them to bewar,
And raſhly not to run owre far,
Without ſic Gyds as ze.
Quod *Courage*, Freind, I heir zou fail,
Tak bettir tent unto zour Tale,
Ze ſaid it could not be;
Beſydis that ze wald not conſent,
That evir we ſuld clim:
Quod *Will* for my Pairt I repent,
We ſaw them mair than him:
For they are the Stayer
Of us, as weil as he;
I think now they ſchrink now,
Go forwart let them be.

LI.

Go, go, we naithing do but gucks;
They ſay the Voyage nevir luks,
Quhair ilk ane has a Vote.
Quod *Wiſdom* gravely, Sir, I grant,
We were nae warſe zour Vote to Want,
Sum Sentance heir I note.

Sup-

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Suppoſe ze ſpeak it but begeſs,
Sum Fruit thairin I fynd;
Ze wald be forward I confeſs,
And cums aſtymis behynd.
It may be that they be
Deſavit that nevir doutit;
Indeid, Sir, that Heid, Sir,
Has mekle Wit about it.

LII.

THEN willfull *Will* began to rage,
And ſware he ſaw naithing in Age,
But Anger, Yre and Grudge;
And for my ſell, quod he, I ſweir
To quat all my Companzions heir,
Gif they admit zou Judge.
Experience is grown ſae auld,
That he begins to rave;
The laif but *Courage* are ſae cauld,
Nae Hazarding they haif;
For *Danger*, far ſtranger
Has made them than they war,
Gae frae then, we pray then,
That nowther dow nor dar.

LIII. QUHY

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LIII.

QUHY may not theſe three leid this ane,
I led an hunder myne alane,
Bot Counſal of them all.
I grant quod *Wiſdom* ze haif led;
But I wald ſpeir how mony ſped,
Or furdert bot a Fall.
But owther few or nane I trow,
Experience can tell;
He ſays the Man may wyte but zou
The firſt Tyme that he fell.
He kens then, quhais Penns then,
Thou borrowit him to flee;
His Wounds zet, that ſtounds zet,
He gat them then throu thee.

LIV.

THAT, quod *Experience*, is trew;
Will flatterit him quhen firſt he flew;
Will ſet him in a Low.
Will was his Counſell and Convoy,
To borrow frae the blindit Boy
Baith Quaver, Wings and Bow;

Quhair-

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Quhairwith before he ſeyd to ſhute,
He nowther zield to Zouth,
Nor zet had Neid of ony Fruit,
To quench his deidlie Drouth.
Quhilk pyns him and dwyns him
To Deid, I wate not how,
Gif *Will* then did ill then,
Himſelf remembers now.

LV.

For I *Experience* was thair
Lyke as I uſe to be all quhair,
Quhat Tyme he wytit *Will*
To be the Grund of all his Greif,
As I my ſelf can be a Preif
And Witneſs thairuntill:
Thair are nae Bounds but I haif bene,
Nor Hidlings frae me hid,
Nor ſecret Things that I haif ſene
That he or ony did:
Thairfoir now, no moir now,
Let him think to conceild;
For quhy now, even I now
Am Det bound to reveild.

LVI. My

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LVI.

My Cuſtome is for to declair
The Truth, and nowther eik nor pare,
For ony Man a Jot:
Gif wilful *Will* delyts in Leis,
Example in thy ſelf thou ſeis
How he can turn his Coat;
And with his Language wald alure
Thee zet to brek thy Bains:
Thou knaws thy ſelf, gif he was ſure,
Thou uſd his Counſell anes,
Quha wad zet be bauld zet,
To wrak thee war not we,
Think on now of zon now,
Quod *Wiſdom* then to me.

LVII.

Weil, quod *Experience*, gif he
Submits himſelf to you and me,
I wate quhat I ſould ſay,
Our gude Advyſe he ſall not want,
Provyding always that he grant
To put zon *Will* away,

And

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And baniſch baith him and *Diſpair*,
That all gude Purpoſe Spills;
Sae he will mell with them nae mair,
Let them twa flyte thair fills,
Sic Coiffing bot Loffing,
All honeſt Men may uſe;
That Change now were ſtrange now,
Quod *Reaſon* to refuſe.

LVIII.

Quod *Will*, Fy on him quhen he flew,
That poud not Cherries then anew,
For to haif ſtayd his Sturt.
Quod *Reaſon*, thocht he bear the Blame,
He nowther ſaw nor neidit them,
Till he himſelf had hurt:
Firſt quhen he miſtert not, he micht,
He neids and may not now
Thy Foly quhen he had his Flicht
Empaſhed him to pow.
Baith he now and we now
Perſaive thy Purpoſe plain
To turn him, and burn him,
And blaw on him again.

LIX. Quod

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LIX.

Quod *Skill*, Quhy ſuld we langer ſtryve?
Far better late than never thryve,
Cum let us help him zit;
Tint Tyme we may not get again,
We waſt but preſent Tyme in vain,
Beware with that, quod *Wit:*
Speik on, *Experience*, lets ſe,
We think ze hald ze dum,
Of Byganes I haif hard, quod he,
I knaw not Things to cum.
Quod *Reaſon*, The Seaſon
With Slowthing ſlyds away,
Firſt tak him and mak him
A Man gif that ze may.

LX.

Quod *Will*, Gif he be not a Man,
I pray zou, Sirs, quhat is he than?
He lukes lyke ane at leiſt.
Quod *Reaſon*, Gif he follow thee,
And mynd not to remain with me,
Nocht but a brutal Beiſt:

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A Man in Schape doth not consist,
For all zour taunting Tales,
Thairfoir Sr *Will*, I wald ze wist
Zour Metaphysick fails;
Gae leir zit a Zeir zit
Zour Logick at the Schulis,
Sum Day then ze may then
Pass Master with the Mulis.

LXI.

Quod *Will*, I marvell quhat ze mein,
Suld not I trow my ain twa Een,
For all zour Logick Schulis,
If I did not I war not wyse:
Quod *Reason*, I haif tald zou thryse,
Nane ferlies mair than Fulis:
Thair be mae Sences than the Sicht,
Quhilk ze owre-hale for Haste,
To wit, gif ze remember richt,
Smell, Heiring, Touch, and Taste,
All quick Things haif sic Things,
I mein baith Man and Beist,
By Kynd then, we fynd then
Few laks them in the leist.

LXII. Sae

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LXII.

SAE be that Conſequens of thyne,
Or Syllogiſm ſaid lyke a Swyne,
A Cow may teach thee Lair;
Thou uſes only but thyne Eies,
Scho touches, taſtes, ſmells, heirs, and ſeis,
Quhilk matches thee and mair:
But ſince to triumph ze intend,
As preſently appeirs,
Sir, for zour Clergie, to be kend,
Tak ze twa Aſſes Eirs;
Nae Myter perfyter
Gat *Midas* for his Meid,
That Hude Sir is gude Sir
To hap zour Brain-ſick Heid.

LXIII.

ZE haif nae Feil for to defyne,
Thoch ze haif Cunning to declyne
A Man to be a Mule,
With litle Wark zit ze may vowd
To grow a galant Horſe and gude,
To ryde thairon at *Zule:*

But

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But to our Ground quhair we began,
For all zour guſtleſs Jeſts,
I muſt be Maſter to the Man,
But thou to brutall Beiſts;
Sae we twae maun be twae,
To cauſe baith Kynds be knawn,
Keip thyne then frae myne then,
And ilk ane uſe thair awin.

LXIV.

THEN *Will* as angrie as an Ape,
Ran ramping ſweiring rude and rape,
Saw he none other Schift;
He wald not want ane Inch of Will,
Quhither it did him Gude or Ill,
For thirty of his Thrift;
He wald be formoiſt in the Feild,
And Maiſter gif he micht,
Yea he ſuld rather die than zield,
Though *Reaſon* had the richt:
Shall he now mak me now
His Subject or his Slaif,
Na rather, my Father
Shall quick gang to his Graif.

LXV. I

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LXV.

I hecht him quhyle my Heart is heal,
To perifch firft or he prevail,
Cum after quhat fo may:
Quod *Reafon*, Dout ze not indeed,
Ze hit the Nail upon the Heid,
It fall be as ze fay.
Suppofe ze fpur for to afpyre,
Zour Brydle wants a Bit,
That Meir may leif zou in the Myre,
As ficker as ze fit.
Zour Sentance, Repentance,
Sall learn zou, I believe,
And anger zou langer,
Quhen ze that pratick prieve.

LXVI.

As ze haif dyted zour Decreit,
Zour Prophefie to be complete,
Perhaps, and to zour Pains,
It has bein faid, and may be fae,
A wilfull Man wants nevir Wae,
Thocht he gets litle Gains.

But

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But ſen ze think it eaſy Thing
To mount aboif the Mune,
Of zour awin Fidle tak a Spring,
And daunce quhen ze haif done;
If than Sir the Man Sir
Lykes of zour Mirth, he may,
But ſpeir firſt and heir firſt
Quhat he himſell will ſay.

LXVII.

THEN all togither they began
To ſay, Cum on, thou martyrit Man,
Quhat is thy Will, advyſe?
Abaiſd a bony quhyle I baid,
And muſd or I my Anſwer maid,
I turnd me anes or twyſe,
Behalding ilky ane about,
Quhais Motions muvit me maiſt,
Sum ſeimd aſſurd, ſum dred for Dout,
Will ran reid-wod for Haiſt,
With wringing and flinging,
For Madneſs lyke to mang;
Diſpair to, for Care to,
Wald neids himſell gae hang.

LXVIII. QUHILK

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LXVIII.

QUHILK quhen *Experience* perſavit,
Quod he, Remember gif we ravit,
As *Will* alledgt of lait,
Quhen that he ſware he naithing ſaw
In Age, but Anger, ſlak and ſlaw,
And cankert of Conſait;
Ze could not luck as he aledgt,
That all Opinions ſpeirt,
He was ſae frak and fyrie edgt,
He thocht us four but feirt:
Quha panſis, quhat chanſis,
Quod he, nae Worſchip wins,
To ſum beſt ſall cum beſt
That hap weil rak weil rins.

LXIX.

ZIT, quod *Experience*, behald,
For all the Tales that he has tald,
How he himſell behaifs,
Becauſe *Diſpair* could not cum ſpeid,
Lo quhair he hangs all but the Heid,
And in a Widdy waifs:

Gif

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Gif zou be ſure anes thou may ſe,
To Men that with them mells,
Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,
Conſidder be themſells.
Then chuſe thee to uſe thee,
By us, or ſic as zone,
Sae ſone now, haif done now,
Mak owther aff or on.

LXX.

PERSAVES thou not quhairfrae proceids
The frantick Fantaſie that feids,
Thy furious flaming Fyre,
Quhilk dois thy bailfull Breiſt combuir,
That nane but we, quod they, can cuir
Or help thy Hearts Diſyre:
The perſing Paſſion of thy Spreit
That waiſts thy vital Breath,
Has holit thy heavy Heart with Heit,
Deſyre draws on thy Death.
Thy Puncis renouncis
All kynd of quiet Reſt,
That Fever has ever
Thy Perſon ſae oppreſt.

LXXI. COUD

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LXXI.

COUD thou cum anes acquaint with *Skill*,
He kens quhat Humors dois the ill,
And how thy Cair contracks;
He knaws the Ground of all thy Greife,
And Recipies for thy Releife,
All Medicines he maks:
Cum on, quod *Skill*, content am I
To put my helping Hand,
Providing allways he apply
To Counſell and Command;
Quhyle we than, quod he, than,
Ar mindit to remain,
Gife Place now, in caſe now
Thou get us not again.

LXXII.

ASSURE thyſell, gif that we ſched,
Thou ſall not get thy Purpoſe ſped,
Tak tent we haif thee tald;
Haif done, and dryve not aff the Day,
The Man that will not quhen he may,
He ſall not quhen he wald.

Quhat

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Quhat wald thou do, I wald we wiſt,
Accept or gife us owre:
Quod I, I think me mair than bliſt
To find ſic famous four
Beſyde me, to gyde me,
Now quhen I haif to do,
Conſiddering the ſwiddering
Ze fand me firſt into.

LXXIII.

QUHEN *Courage* craift a Stamok ſtout,
And *Danger* draif me into *Dout*,
With his Companzion *Dreid:*
Quhyls *Will* wald up aboif the Air,
Quhyls I was dround in deip *Diſpair*,
Quhyls *Hope* held up my Heid:
Sic pithy Reſouns and Replys
On ilka Syde they ſchew,
That I quha was not verie wyſe
Thocht all thair Tales wer trew,
Sae mony and bony
Auld Problemes they propond
Baith quicklie and liklie,
I marveld mekle ond.

LXXIV. ZIT

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LXXIV.

ZIT *Hope* and *Courage* wan the Feild,
Thocht *Dreid* and *Danger* neir wald zeild,
But fled to find Refuge;
Swa, fra zou Four met, they wer fain,
Becauſe ze gart us cum again,
They greind to get ze Juge:
Quhair they wer Fugitive beſoir,
Zou maid them frank and fre,
To ſpeik and ſtand in Aw nae moir,
Quod *Reaſon*, Swa ſuld be:
Aft Tymes now, bot Crymes now,
But even *per* Force it falls
The Strang ay, with Wrang ay,
Put Weaker to the Walls.

LXXV.

QUHILK is a Fault ze maun confeſs,
Strength is not ordaind to oppreſs
With Rigour, bye the richt;
But on the contrair, to ſuſtein
The waik-anes that owerburdent bein,
Als mekle as they micht.

Sae

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Sae *Hope* and *Courage* did, quod I,
Experimented lyke
Schaw ſkilld and pithie Reſouns quhy
That *Danger* lap the Dyke.
Quod *Dreid*, Sir, tak heid, Sir,
Lang ſpeiking Part maun ſpill,
Inſiſt not, ze wiſt not
We went againſt our Will.

LXXVI.

WITH *Courage* ze wer ſae content,
Ze nevir ſocht our ſmall Conſent,
Of us ze ſtude nae Aw:
Thair Logick Leſſons ze allowt,
Ze wer determined to trowit
Alledgence paſt for Law;
For all the Proverbs we peruſd,
Ze thocht them skantly ſkilld,
Our Reaſons had bein als weil ruſd,
Had ze bein als weil willd
Till our Syde as zour Syde,
Sae trewlie I may term it,
We ſee now in thee now
Affection dois affirm it.

LXXVII. Ex-

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LXXVII.

EXPERIENCE then ſmyrkling ſmyld,
We are na Bairns to be begyld,
Quod he, and ſchuke his Heid;
For Authors, quha alledges us,
They wald not gae about the Buſs
To foſter deidlie Feid:
For we ar equall for ze all,
Nae Perſon we reſpect,
We haif bene ſae, ar zit, and ſall
Be found ſae in Effect.
Gif we wer as ze wer,
We had cumd unrequyrd,
But we now, ze ſee now,
Do naithing undeſyrd.

LXXVIII.

THAIR is a Sentence ſaid be ſum,
Let nane uncalld to Counſell cum
That welcum weins to be;
Zea I haif hard anither zit,
Quha cum uncallt, unſervd ſuld ſit,
Perhaps, Sir, ſae may ze.

Gude-

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Gudeman, Gramercy for zour Geck,
Quod *Hope*, and lawly louts,
Gif ze wer ſent for, we ſuſpect,
Becauſe the Doctour douts:
Zour Zeirs now appeir now
With Wiſdom to be vext,
Rejoycing in gloſſing,
Till ze haif tint zour Text.

LXXIX.

QUHAIR ze wer ſent for, let us ſe
Quha wald be welcomer than we,
Pruve that, and we ar payd.
Weill, quod *Experience*, beware,
Ze ken not in quhat Caſe ze are,
Zour Tung has zou betrayd:
The Man may ablens tyne a Stot
That cannot count his Kinſch,
In zour awin Bow ze ar ower-ſchot
Be mair than half ane Inch:
Quha wats, Sir, if that, Sir,
Be ſour, quhilk ſeimeth ſweit;
I feir now ze heir now
A dangerous Decreit.

LXXX. SIR

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LXXX.

SIR, by that Sentence ze haif ſayd,
I pledge, or all the Play be playd,
That ſum ſall loſe a Laike;
Sen ze but put me for to pruve,
Sic heids as help for my Behuve,
Zour Warrand is but waik:
Speir at the Man zour ſelf, and ſe,
Suppoſe ze ſtryve for State,
Gif he regarded not how he
Had learnd my Leſſon late;
And granted he wanted
Baith *Reaſon*, *Wit* and *Skill*,
Compleining and meining
Our Abſence did him Ill.

LXXXI.

CONFRONT him furder Face to Face,
Gif zit he rews his rackles Race,
Perhaps, and ze ſall heir;
For ay ſince *Adam* and ſince *Eve*,
Quha firſt thy Leiſings did believe,
I ſald thy Doctrine deir:

Quhat

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Quhat has bein done, even to this Day
I keip in Mynd allmaiſt,
Ze promiſe furder than ze pay,
Sir, hope for all zour Haiſt;
Promitting, unwitting,
Zour Hechts zou nevir huiked,
I ſchaw zou, I knaw zou,
Zour Byganes I haif buiked.

LXXXII.

I could, in Caſe a Count wer craivt,
Schaw Thoufands Thouſands thou deſaivt,
Quhair thou was trew to ane;
And by the contrair I may vaunt,
Quhilk thou maun, thocht it greive thee, grant,
I trumpit nevir a Man,
But trewly tald the nakit Truth
To Men that melld with me,
For nowther Rigour nor for Rueth,
But only laith to lie:
To ſum zit, to cum zit,
Thy Suckour will be ſlicht,
Quhilk I then maun try then,
And regiſter it richt.

LXXXIII. Ha,

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LXXXIII.

HA, ha! quod *Hope*, and loudlie leuch,
Ze are but a Prentiſe at the Pleuch,
Experience ye prieve;
Suppoſe all Byganes as ze ſpak,
Ze are nae Prophet worth a Plak,
Nor I bund to believe.
Ze ſuld not ſay, Sir, till ze ſe,
But quhen ye ſe it ſay;
Zit, quod *Experience*, at thee
Mak mony Mints I may,
By Signs now, and Things now
Quhilk ay befoir me beirs,
Expreſſing by gueſſing
The Perril that appeirs.

LXXXIV.

THEN *Hope* replyd, and that with Pith,
And wyſelie weyd his Words thairwith,
Sententiouſlie and ſhort:
Quod he I am the Anchor Grip
That ſaifs the Sailours and thair Ship,
Frae Perril to thair Port.

Quod

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Quod he, aft times the Anchor dryves,
As we haif fund befoir,
And loſes mony thouſand Lyves,
By Shipwrack on the Shore.
Zour Grips aft, but ſlips aft
Quhen Men haif maiſt to do,
Syne leivs them and reivs them
Of thy Companzions to.

LXXXV.

Thou leiſs them not thy ſelf alane,
But to thair Grief quhen thou art gane,
Gars Courage quhat them als;
Quod *Hope*, I wald ze underſtude,
I grip faſt gif the Grund be gude,
And fleit quhair it is falſe;
Ther ſuld nae Fault with me be fund;
Nor I accuſed at all,
Wyte ſic as ſuld haif plumd the Grund,
Befoir the Anchor fall,
Their Leid ay at Neid ay,
Micht warn them if they wald,
Gif they thair wald ſtay thair,
Or haif gude Anchor hald.

LXXXVI. Gif

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LXXXVI.

GIF ze reid richt it was not I,
But only Ignorance quhairby
Thair Carvells all wer cloven.
I am not for a Trumper tane,
All, quod *Experience*, is ane,
I haif my Proceſs proven,
To wit, that we wer cald ilk ane
To cum before we came;
That now Objection ze haif nane,
Zour ſelf may ſay the ſame:
Ze ar now owre far now,
Cum forward for to flie;
Perſave then ze haif then,
The warſt End of the Trie.

LXXXVII.

QUHEN *Hope* was gawd into the Quick,
Quod *Curage*, kicking at the Prick,
We let ze weil to wit.
Mak he zou welcomer than we,
Then Byganes, Byganes, fairweil he,
Except he ſeik us zit:

He

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He underſtands his awn Eſtate,
Let him his Chiftains chuſe;
But zit his Battill will be blate,
Gif he our Forſs refuſe;
Refuſe us or chuſe us,
Our Counſell is he clim;
But ſtay he or ſtray he,
We haif nae Help for him.

LXXXVIII.

Except the Cherrie be his Choſe;
Be ze his Freinds we are his Foes,
His Doings we diſpyte;
Gif we perſave him ſettled ſae,
To ſatisfie him with the Slae,
His Companie we quyte:
Then *Dreid* and *Danger* grew full glad,
And wont that they had won;
They thocht all ſeild that they had ſaid,
Sen they had firſt begun;
They thocht then they moucht then,
Without a Party pleid,
But zit thair, with Wit thair,
They wer dung doun with Speid.

LXXXIX. Sirs,

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LXXXIX.

SIRS, *Dreid* and *Danger* then, quod *Wit*,
Ze did zour ſells to me ſubmit,
Experience can proife.
That, quod *Experience*, I paſt,
Thair awin Confeſſions make them faſt,
They may nae mair remoife;
For Gif I richt remember me,
This Maxime then they made,
To wit, the Man with Wit ſould wey
Quhat Philoſophs haif ſaid,
Quhilk Sentance Repentance
Forbad him deir to buy,
They knew then how trew then,
And preſſd not to reply.

XC.

THOCHT he dang *Dreid* and *Danger* doun,
Zit *Courage* could not be owrecum;
Hope hecht him ſic a Hyre;
He thocht himſell, how ſone he ſaw
His Enemies were laid ſae law,
It was nae Tyme to tyre:

He

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He hit the Yron quhyle it was het,
In caſe it ſould grow cauld;
For he eſteemt his Faes defate,
Quhen anes he fand them fald;
Thoch we now, quod he now,
Haif bein ſae frie and frank,
Unſocht zit he mocht zit,
For Kyndneſs cund us thank.

XCI.

SUPPOSE it ſae as thou haſt ſaid,
That unrequyrd we proffert Aid,
At leiſt that came of Luve.
Experience ze ſtart owre ſone,
Ze naithing dow till all be done,
And then perhaps ze pruve
Mair plain than pleaſant to perchance,
Sum tell that have zou tryt,
As faſt as ze zour ſell advance;
Ze cannot weil denyt:
Abyde then zour Tyde then,
And wait upon the Wind,
Ze knaw Sir, ze aw, Sir,
To hald ze ay behind.

XCII. QUHEN

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XCII.

QUHEN ze haif done ſum duchtie Deids,
Syne ze ſuld ſe how all ſucceids,
To wryt them as they wer;
Friend, huly, haſt not half ſae faſt,
Leiſt, quod *Experience*, at laſt,
Ze buy my Doctrine deir;
Hope puts that Haſte into zour Heid,
Quhilk Boyls zour barmy Brain;
Howbeit Fulis haſt cums huly Speid,
Fair Hechts will mak Fulis fain.
Sic Smyling begyling
Bids feir not any Freits;
Zit I now deny now,
That all is Gold that gleits.

XCIII.

SUPPOSE not Silver all that ſhynes,
Aſtymes a tentleſs Merchand tymes,
For bying Geir begeſs;
For all the Vantage and the winning,
Gude Buyers get at the Beginning,
Quod *Courage* nocht the leſs.

Quhyls

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Quhyls as gude Merchants tynes as wins,
Gif auld Mens Tales be trew,
Suppoſe the Pack cum to the Pins,
Quha can his Chance eſchew.
Then gude Sir, conclude, Sir,
Gude Buyers haif done baith,
Advance then, tak Chance then,
As ſundrie gude Ships hath.

XCIV.

QUHA wiſt quhat wald be cheip or deir,
Should neid to traffique but a Zeir,
Gif Things to cum were kend:
Suppoſe all bygane Things be plain,
Zour Prophefie is but prophane,
Ze had beſt behald the End;
Ze wald accuſe me of a Cryme,
Almaiſt befoir we met,
Torment zou not befoir the Tyme,
Since Dolour pays nae Det,
Quhats bypaſt that I paſt,
Ze wot gif it was weil,
To cum zit by Dume zit,
Confeſs ze haif nae Feil.

XCV. ZIT,

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XCV.

ZIT, quod *Experience*, quhat then,
Quha may be meiteſt for the *Man*,
Let us his Anſwer haif;
Quhen they ſubmitted them to *me*,
To *Reaſon* I was fain to flie,
His Counſell for to craif.
Quod *he*, ſince ze zourſells ſubmit,
To do as I decreit;
I ſall advyſe with *Skill* and *Wit*,
Quhat they think may be meit;
They cryd then, we byde then,
At *Reaſon* for Refuge;
Allow him and trow him,
As Governour and Juge.

XCVI.

THEN ſaid they all with ane Conſent,
Quhat he concludes we are content
His Bidding to obey;
He hath Authoritie to uſe,
Then tak his Choice quhom he will chuſe,
And langer not delay:

Then

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Then *Reaſon* raiſe and was rejoyſd;
Quod he, myne Hearts cum hidder,
I hope this Pley may be compoſd,
That we may gang togidder;
To all now I ſall now
His proper Place aſſign,
That they heir ſall ſay heir,
They think nane uther Thing.

XCVII.

Come on, quod he, Companzion, *Skill*,
Ze underſtand baith Gude and Ill,
In Phyſick ze are fyne,
Be Mediciner to the Man,
And ſchaw ſic Cunning as ze can,
To put him out of Pyne;
Firſt gaird the Grund of all his Grief,
Quhat Sicknes ze ſuſpect,
Syn luke quhat laiks for his Relief,
Or furder he infeck.
Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him zour gude Advyce,
And pance not, nor ſkance not,
The Perril nor the Pryce.

XCVIII. Thoch

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XCVIII.

THOCH it be cummerſom quhat reck,
Find out the Cauſe by the Effect,
And working of his Veins;
Zit quhyle we grip it to the Grund,
Se firſt quhat Faſhion may be fund,
To pacifie his Pains;
Do quhat ze dow to haif him haile,
And for that Purpoſe preiſe,
Cut aff the Cauſe, the Effect maun fail,
Sae all his Sorrows ceiſe.
His Fever ſall nevir
Frae thencefurth haif a Forſs,
Then urge him to purge him,
He will not wax the warſe.

XCIX.

QUOTH *Skill*, his Sences are ſae ſick,
I knaw nae Liquor worth a Leik
To quench his deidlie Drouth,
Except the Cherry Help his Heit,
Quhais ſappy Slokning ſharp and ſweit,
Micht melt into his Mouth,

And

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And his Melancholie remuve,
To mitigate his Mynd,
Nane hailſomer for his Behuve,
Nor of mair cooling Kynd.
Nae *Nectar* directar,
Could all the Gods him give,
Nor ſend him to mend him,
Nane lyke it I believe.

C.

For Drouth decays, as it digeſts;
Quhy then, quod *Reaſon*, naithing reſts,
But how it may be had?
Maiſt trew, quod *Skill*, that is the Scope,
Zit we maun haif ſum Help of *Hope*.
Quod *Danger* I am red;
His Haſtyneſs bred us Miſhap;
Quhen he is highlie horſt;
I wiſs we lukit or we lap.
Quod *Wit*, that wer not warſt.
I mein now convein now
The Counſell ane and all,
Begin then, call in then;
Quod *Reaſon*, ſae I ſall.

CI. Then

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CI.

THEN *Reaſon* raiſe with Geſture grave,
Belyve conveining all the lave,
To heir quhat they wald ſay,
With Silver Scepter in his Hand,
As Chiftain choſen to command,
And they bent to obey.
He panſed lang befoir he ſpak,
And in a ſtudie ſtude,
Syne he began and Silenſs brak,
Cum on, quod he, conclude
Quhat Way now we may now
Zon Cherrie cum to catch,
Speik out Sirs, about Sirs,
Haif done, let us Diſpatch.

CII.

QUOTH *Courage*, ſkurge him firſt that ſkars,
Much Muſing Memorie but mars,
I tell zou myne intent.
Quod *Wit*, quha will not partlie panſe,
In Perils periſhes perchanſe,
Owre rackles may repent.

Then,

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Then, quod *Experience*, and ſpak,
Sir, I haif ſein them baith,
In Braidieneſs and lye aback,
Eſcape and cum to Skaith:
But quhat now of that now,
Sturt follows all Extreams;
Retain then the Mein then,
The ſureſt Way it ſeims.

CIII.

QUHAIR ſum has furderd, ſum has faild;
Quhair Part has periſht, Part prevaild,
Alyke all cannot luck;
Then owther venture with the ane,
Or with the uther let alane,
The Cherrie for to pluck.
Quod *Houp*, for Feir Folk maun not faſh,
Quod *Danger* let not licht;
Quod *Wit*, be nowther rude nor raſh;
Quod *Reaſon* ze haif Richt:
The Reſt then thocht beſt then,
Quhen Reaſon ſaid it ſae,
That roundlie and ſoundlie
They ſuld togidder gae.

CIV. To

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CIV.

To get the Cherrie in all Haſt,
As for my Saftie ſerving maiſt,
Tho *Dreid* and *Danger* feird,
The Perril of that irkſome Way,
Leſt that thairby I ſould decay,
Quha then ſae weak appeird;
Zit *Hope* and *Courage* hard beſyde,
Quha with them wont contend,
Did tak in Hand us all to gyde,
Unto our Journeys End,
Implaidging and waidging
Baith twa thair Lyves for myne,
Provyding the Gyding
To them were granted ſyne.

CV.

THEN *Dreid* and *Danger* did appeal,
Alledging it could neir be well,
Nor zit wald they agrie;
But ſaid they ſould ſound thair Retreit,
Becauſe they thocht them nae Ways meit
Conducters unto me;

Nor

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Nor to no Man in myne Eſtate,
With Sickneſs ſair oppreſt;
For they tuke ay the neireſt Gate,
Omitting of the beſt.
Thair neireſt perqueireſt,
Is always to them baith,
Quhair they, Sir, may ſay, Sir,
Quhat recks them of zour Skaith.

CVI.

But as for us twa now we ſweir
Be him befoir we maun appeir,
Our full Intent is now
To haif ze hale, and always was,
That Purpoſe for to bring to paſs,
Sae is not thairs I trow:
Then *Hope* and *Courage* did atteſt,
The Gods of baith theſe Parts,
Gif they wrocht not all for the beſt
Of me with upricht Hearts:
Our Chiftain then liftan
His Scepter did enjoyn
Nae moir thair Uproir there;
And ſae there Stryf was done.

CVII. Re-

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CVII.

REBUIKING *Dreid* and *Danger* ſair,
Suppoſe they meint weil evirmair
To me, as they had ſworn;
Becauſe thair Nibours they abuſit,
In ſwa far as they had accuſit
Them, as ze hard beforn.
Did he not els, quod he, conſent
The *Cherrie* for to pou?
Quod *Danger*, We are weil content,
But zit the Manner how?
We ſall now, evin all now,
Get this *Man* with us thair,
It reſts then, ands beſt then
Zour Counſell to declair.

CVIII.

WEIL ſaid, quod *Hope* and *Courage*, now
We thairto will accord with zou,
And ſall abyde by them;
Lyk as befoir we did ſubmit,
Sae we repeit the ſamyn zit,
We mynd not to reclaime:

Quhome

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Quhome they ſall chuſe to gyde the Way,
We ſall them follow ſtraight,
And furder this Man, quhat we may,
Becauſe we haif ſae hecht;
Promitting, bot ſlitting,
To do the Thing we can,
To pleiſe baith, and eiſe baith
This ſilly ſickly Man.

CIX.

QUHEN *Reaſon* heard this, then, quod he,
I ſe zour cheifeſt Stay to be,
That we haif namd nae Gyde:
The worthy Counſell hath therfoir,
Thocht gude that *Witt* ſuld gae befoir,
For Perrills to provyde.
Quod *Witt*, Ther is but ane of thre,
Quhilk I ſall to ze ſchaw,
Quhairof the firſt twa cannot be,
For ony thing I knaw:
The Way heir ſae ſtey heir,
Is that we cannot clim,
Evin owre now, we four now,
That will be hard for him.

CX. THE

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CX.

THE next, gif we gae doun about,
Quhyle that this Bend of Craigs rin out,
The Streim is thair ſae ſtark,
And alſo paſſeth waidling deip,
And braider far than we dow leip,
It ſuld be ydle Wark:
It grows ay braider to the Sea,
Sen owre the Lin it came,
The rinning Deid dois ſignifie
The Deipneſs of the ſame:
I leive now to deive now,
How that it ſwiftly ſlyds,
As ſleiping and creiping,
But Nature ſae provyds.

CXI.

OUR Way then lyes about the Lin,
Quhairby I warrand we ſall win,
It is ſae ſtraight and plain,
The Watter allſo is ſae ſchald,
We ſall it paſs, evin as we wald,
With Pleſour, and bot Pain:

For

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For as we ſe a Miſcheif grow
Aft of a feckles Thing,
Sae lykways dois this River flow
Forth of a prettie Spring;
Quhois Throt, Sir, I wot, Sir,
Ze may ſtap with zour Neive,
As zou, Sir, I trow, Sir,'
Experience can preive.

CXII.

THAT, quod *Experience*, I can,
And all ze ſaid ſen ze began,
I ken to be a Truth.
Quod *Skill*, The ſamyn I apruve;
Quod *Reaſon*, Then let us remuve,
And ſleip nae mair in Sleuth:
Witt and *Experience*, quod he,
Sall gae befoir a Pace,
The *Man* ſall cum with *Skill* and *me*
Into the ſecond Place;
Attowre now zou Four now
Sall cum into a Band,
Proceiding and leiding
Ilk uther be the Hand.

CXIII. As

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CXIII.

As *Reaſon* ordert, all obeyd,
Nane was owre raſch, nane was affrayd,
Our Counſell was ſae wyſe,
As of our Journey, *Witt* did note,
We fand it trew in ilka Jot,
God bliſs the Enterpryſe:
For evin as we came to the Tree,
Quhilk as ze heard me tell,
Could not be clum thair ſuddenlie,
The Fruit, for Rypeneſs, fell;
Quhilk haiſting and taiſting,
I fand my ſelf relievd
Of Cairs all and Sairs all
That Mynd and Body grievd.

CXIV.

Praise be to God my Lord thairfoir,
Quha did myne Helth to me reſtoir,
Being ſae lang Tyme pynd;
And bleſſed be His haly Name,
Quha did frae Deith to Lyfe reclaim,
Me quha was ſae unkynd.

All

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All Nations allſo magnifie
This evirliving LORD,
Lat me with zou, and zou with me,
To laud Him ay accord;
Quhois Luve ay we pruve ay
To us abune all Things,
And kiſs Him and bliſs Him,
Quhois Glore eternall rings.

FINIS.

THE

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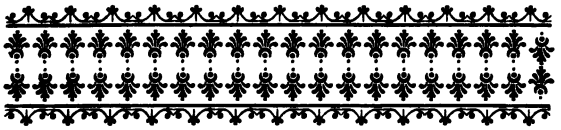

THE
Justing and Debate up at the Doun, *Betwixt* William Adamson *and* John Sym.

I.

THE Grit Debate and Turnament,
Of Truth nae Tongue can tell,
Was for a lusty Lady gent,
Betwixt twa Frieks sae fell;
For *Mars* the God armipotent
Was not sae fers himsell,
Nor *Hercules*, that Aiks uprent,
And dang the Deil of Hell
With Horns that Day.

II. DOUBT-

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II.

Doubtles was not sic duchty Deids
  Amangst the dowsy Peirs,
Nor zit nae Clerk in Story reids
  Of sae triumphand Weirs;
To se hou stoutly on thair Steids
  The stalwart Knychtis steirs,
Quhyle Bellies bair with brodding bleids
  With Spurs as scherp as Breirs,
    And kene that Day.

III.

Up at the *Doun* the Day was set,
  And fixed was the Feild,
Quher baith thir noble Chiftains met
  Enarmit under Schield;
They wer sae hasty and sae het,
  That nane of them wad zield,
But to debait, or be doun bait,
  And in the Quarrell kield,
    Or slane that Day.

IV. There

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IV.

THERE was ane better and ane worſs,
I wald that it were wittin,
For *William* wichtar was of Corſs
Than *Sym*, and better knittin.
Sym ſaid, He ſet nocht by his Forſs,
But hecht he ſuld be hittin,
And he micht counter *Will* on Horſs,
For *Sym* was better ſittin
Nor *Will* that Day.

V.

To ſee the Stryfe came Zonkers ſtout,
And mony a galziart Man,
All Dainties deir was thair bot Dout,
The Wyne on broch it ran:
Trumpetts and Schalims, with a Schout,
Playd or the Rink began,
And equal Juges ſat about
To ſee quha tint or wan
The Field that Day.

VI. WITH

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VI.

WITH twa blunt Truncher-Speirs ſquair,
It was their Interpriſe,
To fecht with baith their Faces bair,
For Luve, as is the Gyſe;
A Friend of theirs, throu hap cam thair,
And heard the Roumor ryſe,
He ſtall away their Stings baith clair,
And hid in ſecret Wayes,
For Skaith that Day.

VII.

STRANG Men of Armes and meikle Micht,
Wer ſet them for to furdir;
The Harald cryd, GOD ſchaw the richt,
Syn bad them go togidder.
Quhair is my Speir? ſays *Sym* the Knicht,
Sum Man go bring it hidder;
But wald they tarry thair all Nicht,
Thair Launces cam too lidder
And ſlaw that Day.

VIII. *SYM*

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VIII.

SYM flew as fery as a Fown,
Down frae the Horſe he ſlaid,
Says, He ſall rew my Staff has ſtown,
For I ſall be his Deid.
William his Vow plicht to the Powin,
For Favour or for Feid,
Als gude the Trie had nevir grown,
Quherof my Speir was maid
To juſt this Day.

IX.

THIR Vows now maid to Sun and Mune,
They raikit baith to reſt,
Them to refreſch with their Disjune,
And aff their Armour kieſt;
Not knawing of the Deid was done,
Quhen they ſuld haif fawn beſt,
The Fyre was piſcht out lang or Nune,
Their Denner ſuld haif dreſt,
And dicht up at the *Doun* that Day.

X. THEN

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X.

THEN wer they movit out of Mynd,
Far mair than of beforne,
They wiſt not hou to get him pynd,
That them had driven to Scorn:
Ther was nae Death micht be devynd,
But braid Aiths haif they ſworn,
He ſuld deir buy.be they had dynd,
And ban that he was born,
Up at the *Doun* that Day.

XI.

THEN to *Dalkieth* they maid them boun,
Reid-wod of this Reproach,
There was baith Wyne and Veniſon,
And Barrells ran on brotch.
They band up Kyndnes in that Toun,
Nane frae his Feir to fotch,
For there was nowther Lad nor Loun
Micht eat a Bakin-lotch
For Fowneſs, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XII. SYNE

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XII.

SYNE after Denner raiſe the Din,
And all the Toun on Steir,
William was wyſe, and held him in,
For he was in a Feir.
Sym to haif Bargain could not blin,
But bukkit *Will* on Weir,
Says, Gif thou wald this Lady win,
Cum furth and break a Speir
With me, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIII.

THUS ſtill for Bargin *Sym* abydes,
And ſchoutit *Will* to Schame,
Will ſaw his Faes on baith the Sydes,
Full ſair he dred for Blame:
Will ſchortly to his Horſe he ſlydes,
And ſays to *Sym* be Name,
Better we baith were buyand Hydes
And Wedder Skins at hame,
Nor here, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIV. Now

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XIV.

Now is the Grume that was sae grim
  Richt glad to live in Lie,
Fy, Thief, for Schame, cryes litle *Sym*,
  Wilt thou not fecht with me!
Thou art mair large of Lyth and Lim,
  Nor I am be sic thrie:
And all the Field cryd, Fy on him,
  Sae cowardly tuke the Flie
    For Feir, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XV.

THEN every Man gave *Will* a Mock,
  And said, He was owre miek.
Says *Sym*, Send for thy Brither *Jock*,
  I sall not be to siek;
For were ze foursum in a Flock,
  I compt ze not a Leik,
Tho I had naithing but a Rok
  To gar zour Rumples reik
    Behind, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVI. THERE

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XVI.

THERE was richt nocht but haif and gae,
With Lauchter loud they leuch,
Quhen they ſaw *Sym* ſic Courage tae,
And *Will* mak it ſae teuch:
Sym lap on Horſe-back lyk a Rae,
And ran him till a Heuch,
Says, *William*, cum ryde down this Brae,
Thocht ze ſuld brek a Beugh,
For Lufe, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVII.

SYNE down the Brae *Sym* braid lyke Thunder,
And bad *Will* follow faſt;
To Grund, for Feircenes, he did funder,
Be he Mid-hill had paſt.
William ſaw *Sym* in ſic a Blunder,
To gae he was agaſt;
For he affeird, it was nae Wonder
His Courſour ſuld him caſt,
And hurt him up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XVIII. THEN

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XVIII.

THEN all the Zonkers bad him zield,
Or doun the Glen to gang;
Sum cryd the Couard ſuld be kield,
Sum doun the Cleuch they thrang;
Sum ruſchd, ſum rumbled, and ſum rield,
Sum be the Bewis hie hang:
Thair Avers fyld up all the Field,
They were ſae fou and pang,
With Eiſe, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XIX.

THEN jelly *John* came in a Jak,
To Field quhair he was feid it,
Abune his Brand a Buckler black,
Bail fell the Bairn that baid it;
He ſlipit ſwiftly to the Slak,
And rudly doun he raid it,
Before his Curpall was a Crak,
Could nae Man tell quha maid it,
For Lauchter, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XX. BE

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XX.

BE than the Bougil gan to blaw,
For Nicht had them owretane:
Alace, ſaid *Sym*, for faut of Law,
That Bargin get I nane.
Thus hame with mony a Crack and Flaw
They paſſed every ane,
Syne partit at the *Potter-Raw*,
And ſindry Gaits are gane,
To reſt them within the Toun that Nicht.

XXI.

THIS *Will* was he beguild the *May*,
And did hir Marriage ſpill;
He promiſt hir to let him play,
Hir Purpoſe to fulfill;
Frae ſcho fell fow, he fled away,
And came nae mair hir till;
Quherfore he tint the Feild that Day,
And tuke him to a Mill,
To hyde him as a Coward falſe of Fay.

Finis, quod SCOT.

On

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On MAY.

I.

MAY is a Month maiſt amene
For them in *Venus* Service bene,
To recreate their heavy Hearts:
May cauſes Courage frae the Splene,
And evry Thing in *May* reverts.

II.

IN *May* the pleaſant Spray upſprings,
In *May* the mirthful Maveis ſings,
And now in *May* to Maidens falls,
With Tymmer Wechts to trip and Rings,
And to play Upcoil with the Balls.

III.

IN *May* gois Gallants bring in Symmer,
And trymmly occupy their Tymmer,
With hunt up evry Morning Plaid:
In *May* gois Gentlewomen gymmer,
In Gardens grene their Grumes to glade.

IV. IN

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IV.

In *May* quhen Men zied everichone,
With *Robene Hoid* and *Littil-John*,
To bring in Bows and birkin Bobbyns;
Now all ſic Game is faſtlings gone,
But gif it be amangs clovin *Robbyns*.

V.

Abbotts by Rule, and Lords bot Reaſon,
Sic Senzeors Tymes owerweil this Seaſon,
Upon thair Vyce war lang to waik;
Quhen falſit Feiblenefs and Treaſon,
Has rung thryſs owre this Zodiack.

VI.

In *May* begins the Gowk to gail;
In *May* Deir draw to Doun and Dale,
In *May* Men mells with Famynie,
And Ladys meit their Luvairs leil,
Quhen *Phebus* is in *gemini*.

VII.

Butter, new Cheiſe, and Beir in *May*,
Connans, Cockles, Cruds and Whey,
Lapſters, Lempets, Muſſels in Shells,
Greinleiks, and all ſic Men may ſey,
Suppoſe ſum of them ſourly ſmells.

VIII. In

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VIII.

In *May* grit Men within thir Bounds,
Sum halks the Walters, ſum with Hounds,
The Hares out throw the Foreſt catches,
Syne after them thair Ladeis Sounds,
To ſcent the Rynning of the Ratches.

IX.

In *May* frank Archers will affix
Ane Place to meit, ſyne Marrows mix,
To ſchute at Butts, at Banks and Braes,
At Revers ſum, ſum at the Prikks,
Sum laich and to beneth the Clais.

X.

In *May* Men of Amours ſuld gae
To ſerve their Ladies and nae mae;
Sen thair Relief in Ladies lyes;
For ſum may cum in Favour ſae,
To kiſs their Luve on *Buchan* Ways.

XI.

In *May* gois Damoſells and Dams
In Gardens grein to play lyke Lamms;
Sum at the Bars imbrace like Billers;
Sum rin at Barlabreiks like Rams,
Sum round about the ſtanding Pillars.

XII. In

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XII.

In *May* gois Maidens till *La Reit*,
And hes their Mynzeons on the Streit,
To horſe them quhair the Gate is ruch:
Sum at *Inchbuckling-brae* they meit,
Sum in the Mids of *Muſſelbrugh*.

XIII.

So *May* and all thir Moneths three,
Are het and dry in thair Degrie;
Therefore ye wanton Men in Zouth,
For Health of Body now haif ze,
Not aft to mell with *thankles Mouth*.

XIV.

Sen evry Paſtyme is at Pleaſure,
I council you to ſport with Meaſure,
And namely now *May*, *June* and *July*,
Delyt not lang in Luvers Leaſure,
But weit your Lipps and labour huly.

Quod Alex. Scot.

JOHNIE

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JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM ſpeiks of Lords, ſum ſpeiks of Lairds,
And ſiclyke Men of hie Degrie,
Of a Gentleman I ſing a Sang,
Sumtyme calld Laird of *Gilnockie.*
THE King he wrytes a luving Letter
With his ain Hand ſae tenderly,
And he hath ſent it to *Johny Armſtrang*,
To cum and ſpeik with him ſpeidily.

THE

This is the true old Ballad, never printed before, of the famous *John Armſtrang* of *Gilnockhall* in *Liddiſdale*, a Head of a numerous Clan and Faction, who uſed to paſs over in Troops to *England*, making continual Incurſions, and taking much Plunder in the bordering Parts. See an Account of his being taken and executed, with many of his Followers (in his own Country, not contending with his Prince at *Edinburgh*, as the vulgar Ballad falſly narrates) in *Buchanan's* Hiſtory of *JAMES* the Vth, about the Year 1530. This I copied from a Gentleman's Mouth of the Name of *Armſtrang*, who is the 6th Generation from this *John*. He tells me this was ever eſteemd the genuine Ballad, the common one, falſe.

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THE *Eliots* and *Armſtrangs* did convene;
They were a gallant Company,
Weill ryde and meit our lawful King,
And bring him ſafe to *Gilnockie.*
MAKE Kinnen and Capon ready then,
And Veniſon in great Plenty,
Weill welcome Hame our Royal King,
I hope heill dyne at *Gilnockie.*

THEY ran their Horſe on the *Langum Hown,*
And brake their Speirs with mekle main;
The Ladys lukit frae their loft Windows,
GOD bring our Men weil back again.
QUHEN *Johny* came before the King,
With all his Men ſae brave to ſee,
The King he movit his Bonnet to him,
He weind he was a King as well as He.

MAY I find Grace, my Sovereign Liege,
Grace for my loyal Men and me;
For my Name it is *Johny Armſtrang,*
And Subject of zours, my Liege, ſaid he.

Away,

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Away, away, thou Traytor Strang,
Out of my Sicht thou mayſt ſune be,
I grantit nevir a Traytors Lyfe,
And now I'll not begin with thee.

GRANT me my Lyfe my Liege, my King,
And a bony Gift I will give to thee,
Full Four and twenty Milk whyt Steids,
Were a foald in a Zeir to me.
I'll gie thee all theſe Milk whyt Steids,
That prance and nicher at a Speir,
With as mekle gude *Inglis* Gilt,
As four of their braid Backs dow beir.

Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a bony Gift I'll gie to thee,
Gude Four and twenty ganging Mills,
That gang throw a the Zeir to me.
Theſe Four and twenty Mills complete,
Sall gang for thee throw all the Zeir,
And as mekle of gude reid Quheit,
As all thair Happers dow to bear.

Away,

Digitized by Google

Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a great Gift I'll gie to thee,
Bauld Four and twenty Sifters Sons,
Sall for thee fecht tho all ſould flee.

Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a brave Gift I'll gie to thee;
All betwene heir and *Newcaſtle* Town,
Sall pay thair zeirly Rent to thee.

Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.

ZE leid, ze leid now, King, he ſays,
Althocht a King and Prince ze be;
For I luid naithing in all my Lyfe,
I dare well ſayit but Honeſty:
But a fat Horſe and a fair Woman,
Twa bony Dogs to kill a Deir;
But *Ingland* ſuld haif found me Meil and Malt,
Gif I had livd this hundred Zeir.

SCHO

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SCHO ſuld haif found me Meil and Malt,
And Beif and Mutton in all Plentie;
But neir a *Scots* Wyfe could haif ſaid,
That eir I ſkaithd her a pure Flie.
To ſeik het Water beneath cauld Yce,
Surely it is a great Folie;
I haif aſked Grace at a graceleſs Face,
But there is nane for my Men and me.

BUT had I kend or I came frae Hame,
How thou unkynd wadſt bene to me,
I wad haif kept the Border-ſyde,
In ſpyte of all thy Force and thee.
Wiſt *Englands* King that I was tane,
O gin a blyth Man wald he be;
For anes I ſlew his Siſters Son,
And on his Breiſt-bane brak a Tree.

JOHN wore a Girdle about his Midle,
Imbroiderd owre with burning Gold,
Beſpangled with the ſame Mettle,
Maiſt beautifull was to behold.

Ther

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Ther hang nine Targats at *Johnys* Hat,
And ilk an worth Three hundred Pound,
What wants that Knave that a King ſuld haif,
But the Sword of Honour and the Crown.

O quhair gat thou theſe Targats, Johnie,
That blink ſae brawly abune thy Brie?
I gat them in the Field fechting,
Quher, cruel King, thou durſt not be.
Had I my Horſe and my Harneſs gude,
And Ryding as I wont to be,
It ſould haif bene tald this hundred Zeir,
The Meiting of my King and me.

God be withee, *Kirſty*, my Brither,
Lang live thou Laird of *Mangertoun;*
Lang mayſt thou dwell on the Border-ſyde,
Or thou ſe thy Brither ryde up and doun.
And God be withee, *Kirſty*, my Son,
Quhair thou ſits on thy Nurſes Knee;
But and thou live this Hundred Zeir,
Thy Fathers better thoult never be.

FAR-

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FARWEIL, my bonny *Gilnockhall*,
  Quhair on *Eſk* ſyde thou ſtandeſt ſtout,
Gif I had lived but ſeven Zeirs mair,
  I wald haif gilt thee round about.
John murdred was at *Carlinrigg*,
  And all his galant Companie;
But *Scotlands* Heart was never ſae wae,
  To ſee ſae mony brave Men die.

BECAUSE they ſavd their Country deir
  Frae *Engliſhmen;* nane were ſae bauld,
Quhyle *Johnie* livd on the Border-ſyde,
  Nane of them durſt cum neir his Hald.

Of

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Of heidſtrang Zouth ill to command,
Advyſd to keip a Hank in Hand.

O Gallants all, I cry and call,
Keip Strenth, quhyle that ze haif it,
Repent ze ſall, quhan ze are thrall,
Frae Tyme the Dub be lavit.
With wanton Zouth tho' ze be cowth,
With Courage hie on loft;
Suppoſe great Drouth cum in zour Mouth,
Beware drink not owre aft.

Tak but at Lift, ſuppoſe ze thrift,
Zour Mouth at Leaſure cule,
Zour Mynd ſolift weil to reſiſt,
Langer leſts Zeir than Zule.

Tho

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Tho ze ryd ſaſt, caſt not owre aft
  Zour Speir into the Reiſt,
With Stuff uncoſt, ſet upon loſt,
  Enouch is even a Feiſt.

In *Cupids* Grace ſuppoſe ze trace,
  Thinkand zour ſell abune,
Ze may percaſe caſt *Daweis* Ace,
  And ſae be lotchit ſune.
Frae Tyme ze ſtank into the Bank,
  And Drypoynt cumis in Play;
Ze tyne the Thank, Man, hald a Hank,
  Or all be paſt away.

Frae thou rin tume, as I preſume,
  Thou has baith Skaith and Scorn,
Thee to conſume with Fyre allume,
  That Bourd may be forborn.
Far in that Play, I ſuthly ſay,
  Gude Will is not allowit;
Gif thou nocht may, gae Way, gae Way,
  Then art thou all forhowit.

Con-

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CONSIDDERANCE has no Luvance,
  Frae thou be bair thairben,
At that Semblance, is no Pleſance,
  Quhen pithles grows thy Pen.
Quhen thou has done thy Det abune,
  Forfochten in the Feild,
Scho will ſay, ſune get thee an Spune.
  Adieu, baith Speir and Sheild.

FRAE thou inlaiks to lay on Straiks,
  Frae Hyne, my Son, *adieu;*
Than thy Roum vaiks, an uther takes
  That Solace to perſue.
Quhyle Brauns are big, abune to lig,
  Gude is in Tyme to ceiſe;
To tar and tig, ſyn Grace to thig,
  That is a pityous Preis.

THERFORE bewar, hald the on far,
  Sic Chafwair for to prys,
To tig and tar, then get the War,
  It is ill Merchandyſe.

Mak

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Mak thou nae Vant, owre aft to hant
  In Places dern thair doun,
Frae Tyme thou want, that Stuff is ſcant
  To borrow in the Toun.

Few Honour wins into that Inns,
  For ſhuiting at the Schells,
Out of zour Shins the Subſtance rins,
  They get no Genzell Ells.
In Tyme let be, I counſell thee,
  Uſe not that offerand Stok;
Quhen thee they ſee, they bleir thyne Ee,
  And mak at thee a Mok.

Tho thou ſuppoſe haif at thy Chois,
  I red thee for the Nains;
Keip Stuff in Poſe, tyne not thy hois,
  Wair not all in that wains.
Frae Tyme ſcho ſee under thyne Ee,
  The Brawn away it munts:
Thy Game and Glee gains nocht for thee,
  Thou maun let be ſic Hunts.

Frae

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FRAE thou luke cheſt, *adieu* that Faiſt,
To hunt into that Schaw,
Quhen on that Beiſt at thy requeiſt,
Thy Kennets will not kaw.
Within that Stoup frae Tyme thou ſowp,
And Wirdis to be ſweir,
And makes a Stop, when they ſould hop,
Adieu the Thriſſil deir.

THERFORE albeit thy Hounds haif ſpeid
To rin owre aft let be,
In thy maiſt Neid ſometyme bot Dreid,
They will rebuted be;
Owre aft to hound in uncouth Ground,
Thou may tak up unbatit:
Therfore had bound thocht ſcho be found,
Or dreid thy Dogs be ſlaitit.

SCHO is not ill that ſitteth ſtill,
Perſewed in the Sait,
That Beiſt ſcho will give thee thy fill,
Till thou be even Chakmait.

Sup-

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Suppoſe thou range owre all the *Grange*,
  And ſeik baith Syke and Sewch;
Still will ſcho menge, and make it ſtrenge,
  And give thee even eneuch.

THERWITH advyſe, ſuppoſe ſcho ryſe,
  Laich underneth thy Fute;
But be thou wyſe, ſcho will ſurpryſe
  Thy Hounds and them rebute.
In Tyme abyde, the Feilds are wyde,
  I counſell thee, gude Bruther;
Ill is the Gyde that ſails bot Tyde,
  Syne rackleſs is the Ruther.

HUNTERS, adieu, gif ze perſue
  To hunt at evry Beiſt,
Ze will it rew, ther is anew,
  Thairto haif ze no Haſte.
With an O and an I, ze Hunters all and Sum,
Quhen beſt is Play, paſs hame away,
  Or Dreid, War after cum.

Quod BALNEVIS.

The

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The blate Luvair that fain wad, but fears to ſpeik.

I.

MY Heart is loſt only for Luve of one,
For Laik of Speich, and all for Shamefulneſs,
I dare not ſpeik my Purpoſe to propone,
Nor wat not how my Purpoſe I ſall dreſs;
Speik I till hir and ſcho be mercyleſs,
And denzie not again to ſpeik to me,
Then haif I tint my Speiking mair and leſs,
And unſped Speich had better unſpoken be.

II.

I dar not ſpeik for Dreid that ſcho diſpyt
My rural Terms, and ſay I do but raif,
And ſpeik I not unto my Lady quhyte,
Withouten Speich hir Luve I cannot haif:
But gif I ſpeik, quhat can I of hir craif?
I ſpare to ſpeik for laik of Eloquence;
O couth ſcho without Speich my Synis perſaif,
I wald nocht ſpeik to hir Magnificens.

III. FAIN

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III.

FAIN wald I ſpeik, gif Speiking micht avail,
  Gif ſcho for Speich wald ſpeik to me again:
I ſpare to ſpeik for ſpilling of my Tale,
  Then I my ſpeiking ſpendit haif in vain:
  To ſpeik and ſpeid not is an leſtand Pain.
How ſall I ſpeik? I dare not ſpeik for Dreid;
  Be it gude or ill, ſcho ſpeiks to me again,
Zit ſall I ſpeik, unſpoken can nocht ſpeid.

IV.

QUHAT ſall I ſpeik, ſen I maun ſpeik on forſs
  To hir that is of Speich maiſt eloquent?
Then I ſall ſpeik, how that my cairful Corſs
  Throw laik of Speich tholes Day and Hour Torment
  Cauſe I cannot tell hir my hail Intent,
For want of Speich and ornat Termis plain,
  Beſeiking hir with ſpeiking reverent,
That ſcho wald ſpeik to comfort me again.

Quod STEWART.

LUVE

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LUVE a Leveler.

I.

LUVE pryſis, bot Compariſon,
The Gentill and the Sempill all,
And of Free-will gives Wareſon,
As Fortune chances to befall;
For Luve maks nobill Ladyis thrall
To baſer Men of Birth and Blude,
Sae Luve gars ſobir Women ſmall
Find Favour with grit Men of Gude.

II.

FIRM Luve for Favour, Feir or Feid,
Of rich nor pure to ſpeik ſuld ſpair;
For Luve to Hienes hes nae Heid,
Nor lichtlys Lawlines ane Hair,
But puts all Perſons in compair;
This Proverb plainly for to pruve,
That Men and Women, leſs and mair;
Ar cumd of *Adam* and of *Eve*.

III. SAE

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III.

SAE thocht my Liking wer a Lady,
And I nae Lord, zit nocht the lefs,
Scho fuld my Service fynd als redy,
As Duke to Dutches docht him drefs;
For as hie Princely Luve exprefs,
Is to haif Soverenitie,
Sae Service cums of Simpilnefs,
And lieleft Luve of law Degrie.

IV.

So Luvaris Lair no Leid fuld lak,
A Lord to luve a fempill Lafs,
A Lady als for Luve to tak
Ane proper Page hir Tyme to pafs;
For quhy, as bricht bene birnift Brafs,
As Silver wrocht in all Devyce,
And als gude drinking out of Glafs
As Gold, thocht Gold gife gritter Pryce.

Quod SCOT.

The

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The Floure of Womanheid.

I.

THOU Well of Vertew, Floure of Womanheid,
And Patronefs of hevinly Patiens,
Lady of Lawty baith in Word and Deid,
Sobir, ferene, full of meik Eloquens,
Baith gude and fair: To zour Magnificens
I recommend, as I haif done befoir,
My fempill Heart for now and evirmoir.

II.

FOR evirmoir I fall zou Service mak,
Sen, as befoir, into my Mynd I made,
Sen firft I knew zour Ladyfchip, bot Lak,
All Bewtie, Zouth and Womanheid ze had,
Withouten Reft my Heart couth not evade.
Thus am I zours, and ay fenfyne haif bene
Commandit therto by zour twa fair Ene.

III. ZOUR

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III.

Zour twa fair Ene maks me aſt ſyis to ſing,
Zour twa fair Ene maks me to ſich alſo,
Zour twa fair Ene maks me grit comforting,
Zour twa fair Ene is Wyt of all my Wo,
Zour twa fair Ene will not ane Heart let go,
But links him faſt that gets a Sicht of them,
Of every Vertew bricht ze beir the Name.

IV.

Ze beir the Name of Gentilneſs of Blude,
Ze beir the Name, that mony for ze dies,
Ze beir the Name, ze are baith fair and gude,
Ze beir the Name of every Sweit can pleis,
Ze beir the Name, Fortune and zou agreis,
Ze beir the Name of Lands of lenth and breid,
The Well of Vertew and Floure of Womanheid.

Donald

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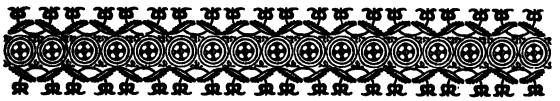

Donald Owyrs *Epitaph.*

I.

IN Vyce maiſt vicious he excells,
That with the Vyce of Treaſoun mells,
Thocht he Remiſſion
Haif for Prodiſſion,
Schame and Suſpiſſion
Ay with him dwells.

II.

HE evir odious as ane Howle,
The Falt ſae filthy is and foul,
Horrible to Nature
Is ane Traytour,
As Feynd in *Frater*
Undir a Coul.

III. QUHA

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III.

QUHA is a Traytour or a Theif,
Upon himſell turns the Miſcheif;
His fraudfull Wylis
Himſell begylis,
As in the Ylis
Is now a Preif.

IV.

THE fell ſtrong Traytour *Donald Owyr*,
Mair Falſet had nor udir four,
Round Ylis and Seis
In his Suplies,
On Gallow Treis,
Zit dois he glowir.

V.

FALSET nae Feit hes, nor Defens
Be Practick, Powir nor Puſſiens,
Thocht it frae Licht
Be ſmoird frae Sicht,
GOD ſchawis the Richt
With ſoir Vengens.

VI. OF

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VI.

Of the fals Fox diſſimulator
Kynde, is ilka Theif and Traytour,
After Reſpyte
To mak Deſpyte,
Mair Appytyte
He has of Nature.

VII.

Wer the Tod tane a thouſand Faud,
And Grace him given as aſt for Fraud;
Wer he on Plane,
All wer in vain,
Frae Henns again
Micht nane him had.

VIII.

The Murtherer ay Murther mais,
And ay till he be ſlane he ſlays;
Wyvis thus mak Mokks
Spynand on Roks.
Ay rynns the Fox
Quhyle he Fute hes.

Quod Dunbar.

COM-

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COMPARISONE.

THE Bramble growis, althocht it be obſcure,
Quhylis Mountane Cederis tholes the bouſteous Winds,
And myld *Plebyan* Spirits may leif ſecure,
Quhylis michty Tempeſtis toſs Imperial Mynds.

The Solſequium, *or the Lover compairing himſelf to Sun-Flowir.*

I.

LYK as the dum *Solſequium* with Cair owrecum
Dois ſorrow, quhen the Sun gois out of Sicht,
Hings doun his Heid, and droupis as deid, and will not ſpreid,
But lukis his Levis throw Langour all the Nicht,
Till fuliſch *Phaeton* aryſe with Quhip in Hand
To purge the Chriſtal Skyis, and licht the Land.
Birds in thair Bower wait on that Hour,
And to thair King ane glade Gudemorrow gives,
Frae than that Flowir liſts not to lour,
But lauchs on *Phebus* lowſing out his Leivs.

II. SWA

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II.

SWA ſtands with me, except I be quhair I may ſe
My Lamp of Licht, my Lady and my Luve,
Frae ſcho depairts, a thouſand Dairts in ſindry Airts
Thirle thruch my heavy Heart, bot Reſt or Ruve,
My Countenance declairs my inward Greif,
And Howp almaiſt diſpairs to find Releif.
I die, I dwyne, Play dois me pyne,
I loth on every Thing I luke, allace!
Till *Titian* myne upon me ſchyne,
That I revive thruch Favour of hir Face.

III.

FRAE ſcho appeir, into hir Sphere begins to cleir
The Dawing of my lang deſyrit Day,
Then Courage cryis on Howp to ryſe, quhen he eſpyis
The noyſum Nicht of Abſens went away;
No Noyis, frae I awalke, can me impeſche,
But on my ſtaitly Stalk I fluriſche freſche,
I ſpring, I ſprout, my Leivs ly out,
My Collour changis in ane hairtſum Hew;
Na mair I lout, but ſtand up ſtout,
As glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

IV. O

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IV.

O happy Day! go not away, *Apollo* ſtay
  Thy Chair frae going doun unto the Weſt,
Of me thou mak thy *Zodiak*, that I may tak
  My Pleſour to behald quhome I luve beſt:
Thy Preſens me reſtoris to Lyfe from Deth,
Thy Abſens lykways ſchoris to cut my Breth;
  I wiſs in vain thee to remain,
Sen *primum mobile* ſays me always nay,
  At leiſt thy Wane bring ſune again,
Fareweil with Patiens *per* Forſs till Day.

Quod MONTGOMERY.

The

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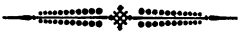
The Firſt PSCHALME.



I.

WEIL is the Man,
Zea bliſit than,
Be Grace that can
Eſchew ill Counſale and the godleſs Gaits,
Quha walks not in
The Way of Sin,
Nor dois begin
To ſit with Mokkaris in thair ſchamefull Saits,
But in JEHOVAH's Law
Delyts aricht,
And ſtudys it to knaw
Baith Day and Nicht.
That Man ſall be lyke to ane Tre
That plantit by the ryning River grows,
Quhilk Fruit dois beir in Tyme of Zeir,
Quhais Leivis ſall nevir fade, nor Rute unlowſe.

II. HIS

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II.

His Actions all
Ay prosper sall:
So sall not fall
To wicket Men; but as the Calf and Sand,
Quhilk Day by Day
Winds dryve away:
Thairfore I say
The wicket in thair Jugment sall not stand,
Nor Sinners cum nae mair,
Quhome God disdains,
In the Assembly quhair
The Just remains.
For quhy? The Lord quha beirs Record,
He knaws the richteous Conversation ay,
But godles Gaits, quhilk he so haits,
Sall quickly perreiss, and bot Dout decay.

The

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The Twenty third PSCHALME.

I.

THE LORD maiſt hie,
I knaw will be,
An Hird to me,
I cannot lang haif Streſs, nor ſtand in Neid;
He maks my Lair,
In Feilds maiſt fair,
Quhair I bot cair,
Repoſing at my Pleaſure ſafely feid.
He ſweitly me convoyis
To pleiſand Springs,
Quhair naething me anoyis,
But Pleaſour brings:
He brings my Mynd, fit to ſic Kynd,
That Forſs or Feir of Fae cannot me grieve:
He dois me leid in perfyt Freid,
And for his Name he will me nevir leive.

II. THOCHT

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II.

THOCHT I wald ſtray,
Ilk Day by Day,
In deidly Way,
Zit will I not diſpair, I feir none ill;
For quhy thy Grace,
In every Place,
Dois me imbrace,
Thy rod and Shiphirds Cruke comfort me ſtill.
In diſpyt of my Foes,
My Tabill grows,
Thou balmis my Heid with Joy,
My Cup owreflows.
Kyndneſs and Grace, Mercy and Peice,
Sall follow me for all my wretched Days,
And me convoy to endleſs Joy
In Hevin, quhair I ſall be with thee always.

Theſe two Pſchalmes quod MONTGOMERY.

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A Diſcription of Pedder Coffes their having no Regard to Honeſty in their Vocation.

I.

IT is my Purpoſe to diſcryve
This holy perfyte Genologie
Of Pedder Knaves ſuperlatyve,
Pretendand to Authoritie,
That wate of nocht but Beggartie:
Ze Burges Sons, prevene thir Louns,
That wald diſtroy Nobilitie,
And baneiſs it all Borrows Towns.

II.

THEY are declarit in ſeven Parts,
Ane ſtroppit Coffe, quhen he begins,
Ay ſornand all and ſindry Arts,
To buy up Hens reidwod he rins;
Syne locks them up into his Inns,
Waiting a Derth, and ſells their Eggs,
Regretandly on them he winns,
And ſecondly his Meit he beggs.

III. ANE

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III.

ANE Swyngeor Coffe amangſt the Wyves,
In Landwart dwells with ſubtile Meins,
Exponand to them auld Saints Lives,
And ſains them ſyne with Deid Mens Bains;
Like *Rome*-rakers with awſterne Grains,
Speikand Cur-lyke ilk an till uther,
Peipand puirly with pityous Manes,
Lyke fenzeit *Symmie* and his Brother.

IV.

THIR curriſh Coffes that ſails owre ſune,
And Thretieſum about a Pack,
With bair blew Bonnets and hobeld Shune,
And Beir Bannocks with them they tak,
The ſchamleſs Shrews, GOD gie them lak,
At Nune quhen Merchants make guid Cheir,
Steil doun and ly behind a Sack,
Drinkand but Dreggs and barmy Beir.

V.

KNAVATICK Coffe, miſkens himſell,
Quhen he gets on a furrit Goun;
But *Lucifer* the Laird of Hell,
Is not leſs haly than that Loun;

As

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As he cumes brankand throw the Toun,
With his Keis clinkand on his Arme,
That Calf clovin futted fleid Cuſtroun,
Will wed nane but a Burges Bairn.

VI.

Ane Dyvour Coffe, that Worry-Hen,
Diſtroys the Honnour of our Nation,
Taks Guids a friſt frae fremit Men,
And breaks with them his Obligation,
Quhilks dois our Merchants Defamation,
They are reprievt for that Regratour;
Therfore we give our Declaration
To hang and draw that common Traytour.

VII.

A curloreous Coffe, that Hege-Scraper,
He ſits at hame quhen that they bake;
That Pedder Brybour that Sheip-keipar,
He tells them ilk ane Cake by Cake,
Syne Locks them up, and taks a Faik
Betwixt his Doublet and his Jacket,
And eits them in the Buith that Smaik,
Ill than he mort into a Rakket.

VIII. A

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VIII.

A Codroch Coffe, he is owre rich,
And hes nae Hap his Gude to ſpend,
But lives lyke ony wareit Wretch,
And treſts never till take an End,
With Falſheid ever does him defend,
Proceiding ſtill in Avarice,
And leaves his Saul nae gude Commend,
But walks a wilſome Way I wiſs.

IX.

I zou exhort all that this heir,
And reids this Bill, ze wald it ſchaw
Unto the Provoſt, and him require,
That he would give thir Coffes the Law,
And baniſh them the Burges Raw;
And to the Shoe-ſtreit gar them ſten,
Syne cut their Lugs that we may knaw
Thir Pedder Knaifs be Burges Men.

Quod LINDSAY.

The

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The fyne Advyce Jock *gied his Ded,*
Zeil ken quhen ze thir Lynes haif red.

JOCK, quod his Ded, quhat will me eiſy make?
With ſtanding my Legs tyre, and quhen I kneil
My Kneis are pynd, ganging gars my Feit ake;
Lying irks my Back, and gif I ſit I feil
My Hipps ar hurt; and lein I neir ſae weil,
My Elbuck ſmarts.——Quod *Jock*, *Pain to exyle,*
Since all theſe eiſe not, beſt ein hing a quhyle.

ANSWER.

I THANK ze, *Jock*, for zour Advyce,
My kyndly Cock, I thank ze, *Jock*,
Weil have ze ſpoke and councild nyce;
I thank ze, *Jock*, for zour Advyce.

The

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The Ballat of the Reid-Squair, *fought on the* 7th July 1576.

I.

ON *July* ſeventh, the Suthe to ſay,
At the *Reid-Squair* the Tryſt was ſet,
Our Wardens they affixt the Day,
And as they promiſt, ſae they met:
Allace! that Day I'll neir forzet,
Was ſure ſae feird, and then ſae fain,
They came ther Juſtice for to get,
Will nevir grein to cum again.

II.

CARMICHAELL was our Warden then,
He cauſit the Countrey to convene,
And the Laird *Watt*, that worthy Man,
Brocht in his Surname weil be ſene:
The *Armſtrangs* to that ay haif bene
A hardy Houſe, but not a hail;
The *Eliots* Honours to mentain,
Broucht in the laif of *Liddiſdail.*

III. THEN

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III.

THEN *Twidail* came to with Speid,
The Scherif brocht the *Douglas* doun,
With *Cranſtane*, *Gladſtane*, gude at Neid,
Baith *Rewls-Watter* and *Hawick-Toun*.
Beangeddert bauldly maid him boun,
With all the *Trumbulls* ſtrang and ſtout;
The *Rutherfuirds*, with grit Renoun,
Convoyit the Toun of *Jedbruch* out.

IV.

WITH uther Clanns I can nocht tell,
Becauſe our Wairning was nocht wyde,
Be this our Folk hes tane the Fell,
And plantit Pallions thair to byde:
We lukit doun the uther Syde,
And ſaw cum breiſting owre the Brae,
And Sr *George Foſter* was thair Gyde,
With Fyftene hundrid Men and mae.

V.

IT greivt him ſair that Day I trow,
With Sr *John Hinrome* of *Schipſydehouſe*,
Becauſe we wer not Men enow,
He counted us not worth a Souſe;

Sr

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Sr *George* was gentill, meik and douſe,
But he was hail, and het as Fyre;
But zit, for all his Cracking crouſe,
He rewd the Raid of the *Reid-ſquyre*.

VI.

To deil with proud Men is but Pain,
For ether ze maun ficht or flie,
Or els nae Anſwer mak again,
But play the Beiſt, and let him be.
It was nae Wondir tho he was hie,
Had *Tyndall*, *Redſdaile* at his Hand,
With *Cuckſdaile*, *Gladſdaile* on the Lie,
Auld *Hebſrime* and *Northumberland*.

VII.

Zit was our Meiting meik enough,
Begun with Mirrines and Mows,
And at the Brae-abune the Heugh
The Clerk ſat doun to call the Rows,
And ſum for Ky and ſum for Ewis,
Callit in of *Dandrie*, *Hob* and *Jock*,
I ſaw cum merching owre the Knows,
Fyve hundred *Fennicks* in a Flock.

VIII. With

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VIII.

WITH Jack and Speir, and Bowis all bent,
And warlick Weaponis at thair Will;
Howbeit we wer not weil content,
Zit be my Trowth we feird nae Ill:
Sum zeid to drink, and ſum ſtude ſtill,
And ſum to Cairds and Dyce them ſped,
Quhyle on ane Farſtein they fyld a Bill;
And he was Fugitive that fled.

IX.

CARMICHAELL bad them ſpeik out plainly,
And cloke nae Cauſe for Ill nor Gude,
The uther anſwering him full vainly,
Begouth to reckon Kin and Blude.
He raiſe and raxd him quhair he ſtude,
And bad him match him with his Marrows:
Then *Tyndall* hard theſe Reſouns rude,
And they lute aff a Flicht of Arrows.

X.

THEN was ther nocht but Bow and Speir,
And ilka Man pullit out ane Brand,
A *Schaften* and a *Fennick* their,
Gude *Symmingtoun* was ſlain frae Hand.

The

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The *Scotiſmen* cryd on uther to ſtand,
Frae Tyme they ſaw *John Robſon* ſlain:
Quhat ſuld they cry! The Kings Command
Culd cauſe nae Cowards turn again.

XI.

Up raiſe the Laird to red the Cumber,
Quhilk wald not be for all his Boiſt,
Quhat ſuld we do with ſic a Number,
Fyve thouſand Men into ane Hoiſt?
Then *Henrie Purdie* proud hes coſt,
And verie narrowlie had miſcheifd him,
And ther we had our *Warden* loſt,
Wart not the grit God he releivd him.

XII.

Ane uther throw the Breiks him bair,
Quhyle flatlines to the Ground he fell:
Then thocht I, we had loſt him thair,
Into my Heart it ſtruk a Knell;
Zit up he raiſe, the Truth to tell,
And laid about him Dunts full dour,
His Horſemen they faucht ſtout and ſnell,
And ſtude about him in the Stour.

XIII. Then

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XIII.

THEN raiſd the Slogan with ane Schout,
Fy, *Tyndall* to it, *Jedbrugh* heir:
I trow he was not half ſae ſtout,
But anes his Stomak was a Steir,
With Gun and Genzie, Bow and Speir,
He micht ſe mony a crackit Crown,
But up amang the Merchant Geir
The Buſſie were as we were down.

XIV.

THE Swallow-tail frae Teckles flew,
Fyve hundred ſlain into the Flicht,
But we had Peſtellets anew,
And ſchot among them as we micht.
With Help of GOD the Game gade richt,
Frae Tyme the foremoſt of them fell;
Hynd owre the Know, without Gude-nicht,
They ran with mony a Schout and Zell.

XV.

AND after they had turned Backs,
Zit *Tyndall* Men they turnd again,
And had not bene the Merchant Packs,
There had bene mae of *Scotland* ſlain:

But

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But Jesu gif the Folk was fain
To put the Buffing on thair Theis,
And ſae they fled with all thair Main,
Doun owre the Brae lyke clogged Beis.

XVI.

Sr *Francis Ruſſell* tane was thair,
And hurt, as we heir Men reherſe;
Proud *Wallingtoun* was woundit ſair,
Albeit he was a *Fennick* ferſs.
But gif ze wald a Souldier ſerche
Amang them all was tane that Nicht,
Was nane ſae wordie of our Verſe
As *Colingwood* that courteous Knicht.

XVII.

Zung *Henrie* ſkapit Hame, is hurt,
A Souldier ſchot him with a Bow,
Scotland has Cauſe to mak grit Sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of *Mow*.
The Laird *Watt* did weil indeid,
His Friends ſtude ſtoutly by himſell,
With litle *Gladſtane*, gude in Neid,
For *Gretein* kend not Gude be Ill.

XVIII. The

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XVIII.

THE *Scheriff* wantit not Gude-will,
Howbeit he micht not ficht ſae faſt:
Beanjeadart, *Hundlie* and *Hunthill*,
Three, on they laid weil at the laſt,
Exept the Horſe-men of the Gaird;
If I could put Men to Avail,
Nane ſtoutlier ſtude out for thair Laird,
Nor did the Lads of *Liddiſdail*.

XIX.

BUT litle Harniſe had we thair,
But auld *Badrule* had on a Jack,
And did richt weil, I zou declair,
With all the *Trumbulls* at his Back.
Gude *Ederſtane* was not to lack,
With *Kirktoun*, *Newtoun*, Nobill-men;
Thir is all the Specials I haif ſpak,
Forby them that I could nocht ken.

XX.

QUHA did invent that Day of Play,
We neid nocht feir to find him ſune,
For Sr *John Foſter*, I dare weil ſay,
Maid us that noyſome Afternune:

Not

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Not that I ſpeik preceiſly out,
That he ſuppoſd it wald be Perrill,
But Pryde and breaking out, but Dout,
Gart *Tyndall* Lads begin the Quarrell.

THE

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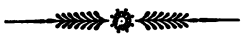
THE

Eagle and *Robin Red-breiſt.*



THE Prince of all the fethert Kynd,
That with ſpred Wings out fleis the Wind,
And tours far out of humane Sicht
To view the ſchynand Orb of Licht:
This Ryall *Bird*, tho braif and great,
And armit ſtrang for ſtern Debait,
Nae Tyrant is but condeſcends
Aftymes to treit inferiour Friends.

ANE Day at his Command did flock
To his hie Palace on a Rock,
The Courtiers of ilk various Syze
That ſwiftly ſwim in Chriſtal Skyis;
Thither the valiant *Terſals* doup,
And heir rapacious *Corbies* croup,
With greidy *Gleds* and ſlie *Gormahs*,
And dinſome *Pyis* and clatterin *Daws;*

Proud

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Proud *Pecocks*, and a hundred mae,
Bruſcht up thair Pens that ſolemn Day,
Bowd firſt ſubmiſſive to my Lord,
Then tuke thair Places at his Borde.

MEIN Tyme quhyle feiſting on a Fawn,
And drinking Blude frae *Lamies* drawn,
A tunefull *Robin* trig and zung,
Hard by upon a Bour-tree ſung.
He ſang the *Eagles* Ryall Lyne,
His perſing Ee and Richt divyne,
To ſway out-owre the fetherit Thrang,
Quha dreid his martial Bill and fang:
His Flicht ſublime, and Eild renewit,
His Mynd with Clemencie endewit;
In ſafter Notes he ſang his Luve,
Mair hie his beiring Bolts for *Jove*.

THE Monarch *Bird* with Blythneſs hard
The chaunting litil Silvan *Bard*,
Calit up a *Buzart*, quha was than
His Favourite and Chamberlane.
Swith to my Treaſury, quod he,
And to zon canty *Robin* gie
As mekle of our currant Geir
As may mentain him throw the Zeir;

We

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We can weil ſpairt, and its his Due.
He bad, and furth the *Judas* flew,
Straight to the Brench quhair *Robin* ſung,
And with a wickit lieand Tung,
Said, Ah! ze ſing ſae dull and ruch,
Ze haif deivt our Lugs mair than enuch,
His *Majeſtie* hes a nyſe Eir,
And nae mair of zour Stuff can beir;
Poke up zour Pypes, be nae mair ſene
At Court, I warn ze as a Frein.

He ſpak, quhyle *Robinis* ſwelling Breiſt,
And drouping Wings his Greif expreſt;
The Teirs ran happing doun his Cheik,
Grit grew his Hairt, he coud nocht ſpeik,
No for the Tinſell of Rewaird,
But that his Notis met nae Regaird;
Straicht to the Schaw he ſpred his Wing,
Reſolvit again nae mair to ſing,
Quhair Princelie Bountie is ſuppreſt,
By ſic with quhome they ar oppreſt,
Quha cannot beir (becauſe they want it)
That ocht ſuld be to Merit grantit.

Quod Ar. Scot.

Hay

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Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix.

I.

THE Paip, that Pagane full of Pryde,
He hes us blindit lang,
For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
Na Wonder they ga wrang:
Lyke Prince and King he led the Ring
Of all Iniquitie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-
Trie.

II.

BOT his Abhominatioun
The LORD hes brocht to Licht,
His Popiſche Pryde and thrinfald Crowne
Almaiſt hes loſt thair Micht.
His Plak Pardounis ar but Lardounis,
Of new found Vanitie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

III. HIS

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III.

His Cardinallis hes Caus to murne,
His Biſchoppis borne aback;
His Abbotis gat ane uncouth Turne,
Quhen Schavelingis went to ſack,
With Burges Wyfis thay led thair Lyvis,
And fure better nor we,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

IV.

His *Carmelites* and *Jacobinis*,
His *Dominiks* had greit Do,
His *Cordeleiris* and *Auguſtinis*,
Sanct *Frances* Ordour to;
Thay ſillie Freiris, mony Zeiris,
With babling blerit our Ee,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

V.

The Siſteris gray, befoir this Day,
Did crune within thair Cloiſter,
They feit ane Freir thair Keyis to beir,
The Feind reſſave the Foſter;
Syne in the Mirk ſa weill culd wirk,
And kittil them wantounlie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

VI. The

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VI.

THE blind Biſchop he culd nocht preiche,
For playing with the Laſſis;
The ſyllie Freir behuffit to fleiche,
For Almous that he aſſis;
The Curat his Creid he culd nocht reid,
Schame fall the Cumpanie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

VII.

THE Biſchop wald nocht wed ane Wyfe,
The Abbote not perſew ane,
Thinkand it was ane luſtie Lyfe,
Ilk Day to have ane new ane,
In everie Place ane uncouth Face,
His Luſt to ſatisfie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

VIII.

THE Perſoun wald nocht have ane Hure,
Bot twa, an thay war bony;
The Vicar (thocht he was pure)
Behuiffit to have als mony;
The Pareis Preiſt, that brutall Beiſt,
He polit thame privelie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

IX. OF

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IX.

Of *Scotland* well, the Freiris of *Faill*,
The Lymmerie lang hes leftit,
The Monkis of *Melros* maid gude Kaill
On *Frydayis*, quhen thay faftit;
The fillie Nunnis keift up thair Bunnis,
And heifit thair Hippis on hie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene
Wod-Trie.

* * * * * *

On the Mes.

I.

Knaw ze not God omnipotent,
He creat Man and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his Commandement,
And eit of the forbiddin Tre;
Had not that bliffit Barne bene borne,
Sin to redres,
Lowreis zour Lyves had bene forlorne,
For all zour Mes.

II. Sen

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II.

SEN we war all to Sin maid ſure,
Throw *Adamis* Inobedience,
(Saif CHRIST) thair was na Creature
Maid Sacrifice for our Offence;
Thair is na Sanct may ſave zour Saull,
Fra ze tranſgres,
Suppois Sanct *Peter* and Sanct *Paull*
Had baith ſaid Mes.

III.

KNAWING thair is na Chriſt bot ane,
Quhilk Rent was on the Rude with Roddis;
Quhy give ze Glore to Stock and Stane,
In worſchipping of uther Goddis?
Thir Idoles that on Alteris ſtandis,
Ar Fenzeitnes,
Ze gat not GOD amang zour Handis,
Mumling zour Mes.

IV.

AND ſen na Sanct zour Saull may ſave,
Perchance ze will ſpeir at me than,
How may the Paip thir Pardounis have,
With Power baith of Beiſt and Man?

Throw

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Throw nathing bot ane fenzeit Faith,
For Halynes
Inventit Wayis to get thame Graith,
Lyke as the Mes.

V.

Of Marriage ze maid zou quyte,
Thinking it Thraldome to refraine:
Wanting of Wyffis is Appetyte,
That Curage micht incres againe;
That honny Lippis, ze did perſew,
Grew Gall I ges,
Thinking it was Contritioun trew
To dance ane Mes.

VI.

Gif God was maid of Bittis of Breid,
Eit ze not ouklie ſax or ſevin,
As it had bene a mortall Feid,
Quhill ze had almaiſt heryit Hevin,
Als mony Devilis ze man devoir,
Quhill Hell grow les,
Or doutles we dar nocht reſtoir
Zou to zour Mes.

VII. Gif

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VII.

Gif God be tranſubſtantiall
  In Breid, with *hoc eſt corpus meum*,
Quhy war ze ſa unnaturall,
  As tak him in zour Teith and ſla him?
Tripairtit and devydit him
    At zour dum Dres,
Bot God knawis how ze gydit him
    Mumling zour Mes.

VIII.

Ze partit with Dame Povertie,
  Tuke Propertie to be zour Wyfe,
Fra Charitie and Chaſtitie,
  With Licharie ze led zour Lyfe;
That raiſit the Mother of Miſcheif,
    Zour Gredynes,
Beleving ay to get Releif
    For ſaying Mes.

IX.

O wickit vaine Venerienes,
  Ze ar not Sanctis (thocht ze ſeme haly)
Proude poyſonit *Epicuriens*,
  Quhilk had na God bot zour awin Bellie:
    Beleve,

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Beleve, ze Lownis, the LORD allowis
Zour Idilnes,
Lang or the Sweit cum owir zour Browis
For ſaying Mes.

X.

HAD not zour ſelf begun the Weiris,
Zour Stepillis had bene ſtandand zit:
It was the flattering of zour Freiris
That ever gart Sanct *Frances* flit;
Ze grew ſa ſuperſtitious
In Wickitnes,
It gart us grow malicious,
Contrair zour Mes.

XI.

OUR Biſchoppis ar degenerate,
Thocht they be mountit upon Mulis,
With Huredome clene effeminate,
And Freiris oft-tymes previs Fulis;
For duſtifit and bob at Evin,
Do ſa incres,
Hes drevin ſum of them to teine,
For all thair Mes.

XII. CHRIST

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XII.

CHRIST keip all faithfull Chriſtianis
From perverſt Pryde and Papiſtrie;
GOD grant thame trew Intelligens
Of his Law, Word and Veritie;
GOD grant thay may thair Lyfe amend,
Syne Blis poſſes,
Throw Faith on CHRIST all that depend,
And nocht on Mes.

XIII.

SEN Mes is nathing ellis to ſay,
Bot ane wickit Inventioun,
Without Authoritie, or Stay,
Of Scripture, or Fundatioun:
Gif Kingis wald Mes to *Rome* hence dryve
With Haiſtines,
Suld be the Meane to have belyve
Ane End of Mes.

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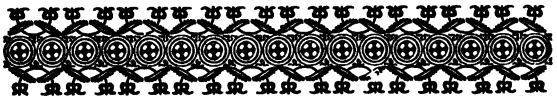

On Purgatorie.

I.

OF the fals Fyre of Purgatorie,
Is nocht left in ane Sponk;
Thairfoir ſayis Gedde, Wayis me,
Gone is Preiſt, Freir and Monk.

II.

THE Reik ſa wounder deir thay ſolde
For Money, Gold and Landis,
Quhill have the Riches on the Molde,
Is ſeaſit in thair Handis.

III.

THAY knew nathing bot Covetice
And Lufe of Paramouris,
And lat the Saulis burne and bis
Of all thair Foundatouris.

IV. AT

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IV.

At Corps Preſence thay wald ſing,
For Ryches, to ſlokkin the Fyre:
Bot all pure Folk that had nathing
Was ſkaldit vaine and lyre.

V.

Zit ſat they heich in Parliament,
Lyke Lordis of greit Renowne,
Untill now that the New Teſtament
Hes it and thame brocht downe.

VI.

And thocht thay ſuffe at it, and blaw
Ay quhill thair Bellyis ryve,
The mair thay blaw, full weill they knaw
The mair it dois miſthryve.

HAR-

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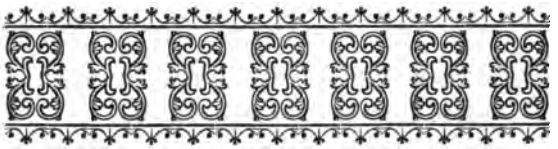
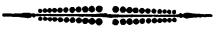


HARDYKNUTE,

A

FRAGMENT.



I.

STATELY ſtept he Eaſt the Wa,
And ſtately ſtept he Weſt,
Full Seventy Zeirs he now had ſene,
With ſkerſs ſevin Zeirs of Reſt.
He livit quhen *Britons* Breach of Faith
Wroucht *Scotland* meikle Wae:
And ay his Sword tauld to their Coſt,
He was their deidly Fae.

II. HIE

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II.

HIE on a Hill his Caſtle ſtude,
With Halls and Touris a Hicht,
And guidly Chambers fair to ſe,
Quhair he lodgit mony a Knicht.
His Dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For Chaſt and Bewtie deimt,
Nae Marrow had in all the Land,
Saif *Elenor* the Quene.

III.

FULL Thirtein Sons to him ſcho bare,
All Men of Valour ſtout;
In bluidy Ficht with Sword in Hand
Nyne loſt their Lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by Liege and Land:
Hie was their Fame, hie was their Micht,
And hie was their Command.

IV.

GREAT Luve they bare to *Fairly* fair,
Their Siſter ſaft and deir,
Her Girdle ſhawd her Middle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her Hair.

Quhat

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Quhat waefou wae hir Bewtie bred?
  Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to Kyth and Kin,
  As Story ever tauld.

V.

The King of *Norſe* in Summer Tyde,
  Puft up with Powir and Micht,
Landed in fair *Scotland* the Yle,
  With mony a hardy Knicht:
The Tydings to our gude *Scots* King
  Came, as he ſat at Dyne,
With noble Chiefs in braif Aray,
  Drinking the Blude-reid Wyne.

VI.

"To Horſe, to Horſe, my Ryal Liege,
  "Zour Faes ſtand on the Strand,
"Full Twenty thouſand glittering Spears
  "The King of *Norſe* commands.
Bring me my Steed Mage *dapple gray*,
  Our gude King raiſe and cryd,
A truſtier Beaſt in all the Land
  A Scots *King nevir ſeyd.*

VII. *GO*,

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VII.

GO, little Page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on Hill ſo hie,
To draw his Sword, the Dreid of Faes,
And haſte and follow me.
The little Page flew ſwift as Dart
Flung by his Maſters Arm,
Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,
And rid zour King frae Harm.

VIII.

THEN reid, reid grew his dark-brown Cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown Brow;
His Luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In Dangers great to do;
He hes tane a Horn as grene as Glaſs,
And gien five Sounds ſae ſhrill,
That Treis in grene Wod ſchuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka Hill.

IX.

HIS Sons in manly Sport and Glie,
Had paſt that Summers Morn,
Quhen lo down in a graſſy Dale,
They heard their Fatheris Horn.

That

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That Horn, quod they, *neir ſounds in Peace,*
We haif other Sport to byde;
And ſune they heyd them up the Hill,
And ſune were at his Syde.

X.

LATE late Zeſtrene I weind in Peace
To end my lengthned Lyfe,
My Age micht weil excuſe my Arm
Frae manly Feats of Stryfe;
But now that Norſe *dois proudly boaſt*
Fair Scotland *to inthrall,*
Its neir be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He feard to ficht or fall.

XI.

ROBIN of Rothſay *bend thy Bow,*
Thy Arrows ſchute ſae leil,
Mony a comely Countenance
They haif turnd to deidly Pale:
Brade Thomas *tak ze but zour Lance,*
Ze neid nae Weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainſt Weſtmorlands *ferſs Heir.*

XII. *MAL-*

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XII.

MALCOM, licht of Fute as Stag
That runs in Foreſt wyld,
Get me my Thouſands Thrie of Men
Well bred to Sword and Schield:
Bring me my Horſe and Harniſine,
My Blade of Mettal cleir.
If Faes kend but the Hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for Feir.

XIII.

FAREWEIL my Dame ſae peirleſs gude,
And tuke hir by the Hand,
Fairer to me in Age zou ſeim,
Than Maids for Bewtie famd:
My zoungeſt Son ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately Towirs,
And ſhut the Silver Bolt that keips,
Sae faſt zour painted Bowirs.

XIV.

AND firſt ſcho wet hir comely Cheiks,
And then hir Boddice grene,
Hir Silken Cords of Twirtle twiſt,
Weil plett with Silver ſchene;

And

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And Apron ſet with mony a Dice
  Of Neidle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae Hand, as ze may gueſs,
  Saif that of *Fairly* fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre Muir and Moſs,
  Owre Hills and mony a Glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded Knicht
  Making a heavy Mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
  By Treacheries falſe Gyles;
Witleſs I was that eir gaif Faith
  To wicked Womans Smyles.

XVI.

SR Knicht, gin ze were in my Bowir,
  To lean on Silken Seat,
My Ladyis kyndlie Care zoud prove,
  Quha neir kend deidly Hate;
Hir ſelf wald watch ze all the Day,
  Hir Maids a deid of Nicht;
And Fairly *fair zour Heart wald cheir,*
  As ſcho ſtands in zour Sicht.

XVII. *A-*

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XVII.

ARYSE, zoung Knicht, and mount zour Steid,
Full lowns the ſchynand Day,
Cheis frae my Menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the Way.
With ſmyleſs Luke and Viſage wan,
The wounded Knicht replyd,
Kynd Chiftain, zour Intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

TO me nae after Day nor Nicht,
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſune beneath ſum draping Trie,
Cauld Deith ſall end my Care.
With him nae Pleiding micht prevail,
Braif *Hardyknute* to gain,
With faireſt Words and Reaſon ſtrang,
Straif courteouſly in vain.

XIX.

SYNE he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord *Chattans* Land ſae wyde,
That Lord a worthy Wicht was ay,
Quhen Faes his Courage ſeyd:

Of

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Of *Pictiſh* Race by Mothers Syde,
  Quhen *Picts* ruld *Caledon*,
Lord *Chattan* claimd the Princely Maid,
  Quhen he ſaiſt *Pictiſh* Crown.

XX.

Now with his ferſs and ſtalwart Train,
  He reicht a ryſing Heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the Dale,
  Norſs Army lay in Sicht;
Zonder my valziant Sons and feris,
  Our raging Revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scottiſh *Swaird*
  To try with us thair Fate.

XXI.

MAK Oriſons to him that ſaiſt
  Our Sauls upon the Rude,
Syne braiſly ſchaw zour Veins ar filld
  With Caledonian *Blude.*
Then furth he drew his truſty Glaive,
  Quhyle Thouſands all arround,
Drawn frae their Sheaths glanſt in the Sun,
  And loud the Bougills ſound.

XXII. To

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XXII.

To join his King adoun the Hill
  In Haſt his Merch he made,
Quhyle, playand Pibrochs, Minſtralls meit
  Afore him ſtately ſtrade.
Thryſe welcum valziant Stoup of Weir,
  Thy Nations Scheild and Pryde;
Thy King nae Reaſon has to feir
  Quhen thou art be his Syde.

XXIII.

Quhen Bows were bent and Darts were thrawn,
  For thrang ſcarce could they flie,
The Darts clove Arrows as they met,
  The Arrows dart the Trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferſs,
  With little Skaith to Man,
But bludy, bludy was the Field,
  Or that lang Day was done.

XXIV.

The King of *Scots* that ſindle bruikd
  The War that luikt lyke Play,
Drew his braid Sword, and brake his Bow,
  Sen Bows ſeimt but Delay:

Quoth

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Quoth noble *Rothſay*, *Myne I'll keip*,
I wate its bleid a Skore.
Haſt up my merry Men, cryd the King,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

THE King of *Norſe* he ſocht to find,
With him to menſe the Faucht,
But on his Forehead there did licht
A ſharp unſonſie Shaft;
As he his Hand put up to find
The Wound, an Arrow kene,
O waefou Chance! there pinnd his Hand
In midſt betwene his Ene.

XXVI.

REVENGE, *revenge*, cryd *Rothſays Heir*,
Your Mail-coat ſall nocht byde
The Strength and Sharpneſs of my Dart;
Then ſent it throuch his Syde:
Another Arrow weil he markd,
It perſit his Neck in twa,
His Hands then quat the ſilver Reins,
He law as Eard did fa.

XXVII. *SAIR*

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XXVII.

SAIR bleids my Liege, ſair, ſair he bleids.
Again with micht he drew
And Geſture dreid his ſturdy Bow,
Faſt the braid Arrow flew:
Wae to the Knicht he ettled at,
Lament now Quene *Elgreid*,
Hie Dames to wail zour Darlings Fall,
His Zouth and comely Meid.

XXVIII.

TAKE aff, take aff his coſtly Jupe
(Of Gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the Fowlers Net throuch quhilk
His ſteilly Harneſs ſhynd)
Take, Norſe, *that Gift frae me, and bid*
Him venge the Blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended Bow,
He ſure nae Weapon feirs.

XXIX.

PROUD *Norſe* with Giant Body tall,
Braid Shoulder and Arms ſtrong,
Cryd, *Quhair is* Hardyknute *ſae famd,*
And feird at Britains *Throne:*

Tho

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Tho Britons *tremble at his Name,*
I ſune ſall make him wail,
That eir my Sword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his Coat of Mail.

XXX.

THAT Brag his ſtout Heart coud na byde,
It lent him zouthfou Micht:
I'm Hardyknute *this Day*, he cryd,
To Scotlands *King I hecht,*
To lay thee law as Horſes Hufe,
My Word I mean to keip.
Syne with the firſt Strake eir he ſtrake,
He garrd his Body bleid.

XXXI.

NORSE ene lyke gray Goſehawks ſtaird wyld,
He ſicht with Shame and Spyte;
Diſgracd is now my far famd Arm,
That left thee Power to ſtryke:
Then gaif his Head a Blaw ſae fell,
It made him doun to ſtoup,
As law as he to Ladies uſit
In courtly Gyſe to lout.

XXXII. FULL

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XXXII.

FULL ſune he rais'd his bent Body,
His Bow he marvelld ſair,
Sen Blaws till then on him but darrd
As Touch of *Fairly* fair:
Norſe ferliet too as ſair as he
To ſe his ſtately Luke,
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a Fae,
Sae ſune his Lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

QUHAIR lyke a Fyre to Hether ſet,
Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
A ſturdy Fae with Luke enragd
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurd his Steid throw thickeſt Ranks
The hardy Zouth to quell
Quha ſtude unmuſit at his Approach
His Furie to repell.

XXXIV.

THAT ſchort brown Shaft ſae meanly trimd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands *Geir*,
But dreidfull ſeims the ruſty Poynt!
And loud he leuch in Jeir.

Aſt

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Aft Britains *Blude has dimd its Shyne*
This Poynt cut ſhort their Vaunt;
Syne piercd the boiſteris bairded Cheik,
Nae Tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

SCHORT quhyle he in his Sadill ſwang,
His Stirrip was nae Stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent Knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened Clay he fell,
Richt far was hard the Thud,
But *Thomas* luikt not as he lay
All waltering in his Blude.

XXXVI.

WITH cairles Geſture Mynd unmuvit
On raid he north the Plain,
His ſeim in Thrang of fierceſt Stryfe,
Quhen Winner ay the ſame;
Nor zit his Heart Dames dimpelit Cheik,
Coud meiſe ſaft Luve to bruik,
Till vengeful *Ann* returnd his Scorn,
Then languid grew his Luke.

XXXVII. IN

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XXXVII.

In Thrawis of Death, with wallowit Cheik
All panting on the Plain,
The fainting Corps of Warriours lay,
Neir to aryſe again;
Neir to return to native Land,
Nae mair with blythſom Sounds,
To boiſt the Glories of the Day,
And ſchaw thair Shyning Wounds.

XXXVIII.

On *Norways* Coaſt the Widowit Dame
May waſh the Rocks with Teirs,
May lang luke owre the Schiples Seis
Befoir hir Mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, *Emma*, ceiſe to hope in Vain,
Thy Lord lyis in the Clay,
The valziant Scots nae *Revers* thole
To carry Lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a Lie quhair ſtands a Croſs
Set up for Monument,
Thouſands full fierce that Summers Day
Filld kene Waris black Intent,

Let

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Let *Scots*, quhyle *Scots*, praiſe *Hardyknute*,
  Let *Norſe* the Name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpaird,
  Sal lateſt Ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin Wind,
  Sair beat the heavy Showir,
Mirk grew the Nicht eir *Hardyknute*
  Wan neir his ſtately Tower,
His Towir that uſd with Torches bleiſe
  To ſhyne ſae far at Nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning Weid,
  Nae Marvel ſair he ſichd.

XLI.

THAIRS nae Licht in my Ladys Bowir
  Thairs nae Licht in my Hall;
Nae Blink ſhynes round my Fairly *fair*,
  Nor Ward *ſtands on my Wall.*
Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas *ſay*,
  Nae Anſwer fits their Dreid.
Stand back, my Sons, I'll be zour Gyde,
  But by they paſt with Speid.

XLII. *AS*

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XLII.

AS faſt I haif ſped owre Scotlands *Faes*,
There ceiſt his Brag of Weir,
Sair ſchamit to mynd ocht but his Dame,
And Maiden *Fairly* fair.
Black Feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wiſt not zit with Dreid;
Sair ſchuke his Body, ſair his Limbs,
And all the Warrior fled.

* * * * * *

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A GLOSSARY; OR, An EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words.

A

A All.
Abaid, *Abade*, Abode, ſtayed.
Abaiſit, abaſhed.
Abeit, albeit.
Abergown, Coat of Mail.
Ablens, perhaps.
Aboife, *abufe*, above.
Abulziement, Habit.
Abune, above.
Adoun, downward.
Aff, off.
Aft, *aften*, oft, often.
Affeir, frightened.
Afrey, Fear.
Agit, aged.
Agaft, afrighted.
Aidir, either.
Aik, Oak.
Ain, own.
Aits, Oats.
Air, Time paſt.

AT

Air, ſoon, early, *item* Heir.
Aith, Oath.
Akerbraid, breadth of an [Acre.
Alaft, aloft.
Allane, allone.
Almous, Alms.
Alkynd, all kind, or Sort of.
Als, as, and.
Amene, pleaſant.
Ane, one.
Anes, *anis*, once.
Antetewme, Example.
Apenit, opened.
Appleis, pleaſe.
Arles, earneſt.
Artilzie, Artillary.
Aſs, aſk.
Aſſalziet, aſſailed.
Attains, at once.
Attemperit, tempered.
Attowre, out over.
Attercap, a Waſp.

Av-

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Avalziet, availed.
Aventure, Adventure.
Aver, a Horse.
Averil, senseless Fellow.
Aucht, ought, *item* eight.
Auld, old.
Aw, owe.
Awin, own.
Awis, ows.
Aureat, Golden.
Ayd, Aid.
Avyse, Advice.
Aynd, Breath.

BA

BAID, *bade*, did abide.
Band, bound.
Banes or *Bains*, Bones.
Bannocks, Bread.
Bair, bare.
Bairn, *Bern*, Child, Youth.
Baith, both.
Bale or *Beal*, Sorrow.
Balmit, embalmed.
Ban, to curse.
Bang, to move hastily.
Barbir, barbarous.
Barbulziet, to confuse.
Barret, Sort of Liquor.
Barrow Trams, Staves of a Barrow.
Barm, Yest.
Barmy, fermented and muddy.
Bauld, bold.
Bawsy, white fac'd.
Bedene, immediately.
Befoir, *beforn*, before.
Beft, beaten.
Begouth, began.
Begylit, beguiled.
Behald, behold.
Behoif, Behove.
Beil, any Shelter against the Inclemency of the Weather.
Belyve, immediatly.
Bellies, Bellows.
Beik, to bask or warm.
Beims, Beams.
Beir, to bear, *item* to moan.
Beir, Barley.
Beit, Help.
Ben, inner part of a House.
Bene, been.
Bene, Bean.
Bent, the Feild.
Berkit, barkened.
Besteik, beseech.
Beswakit, blanched.
Betwisch, betwixt.
Bewis, Boughs.
Bewtie, Beauty.
Bezond, beyond.
Bigg, build.
Biggit, built.
Bikkerit, contended.
Bink, Bench.
Bin, been.
Biquour or *Bicker*, a large Cup or Dish.
Birkin Bobyns, a Knot of Birch Leaves.
Birs, Bristle.
Birn, to burn.
Birnist, burnished.
Bissilie, busily.
Blad, a Strok, *item* a big Piece of .....
Blae, livid.
Bland, to mix.

Bla-

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Blashy, wet.
Blate, bashful.
Blaw, Blow.
Bleber, to bable.
Bledoch, Butter-milk.
Bleir, to make the Eyes red or dim.
Blent, looked.
Blether, to stammer and speak Nonsense.
Blink, a small Sight, *item* to sparkle.
Blinkit, looked hastily.
Blume, Bloom.
Blude, Blood.
Bodin, furnished.
Bodword, Message.
Bocht, bought.
Bog, Marsh.
Boist, to boast.
Bok, to vomit.
Bony, beautiful, *item* little.
Boitings or *Buitings*, Boots.
Bot, but, *item* without.
Bougars, Rafters.
Bouk, the Body, *item* Bulk.
Bougil, a young Bull, *item* his Horn.
Boun, ready to go.
Bourd, a Sport, *item* to sport.
Bowsteous, boisterous.
Bowster, a Bolster.
Bow, a Fold of Cattle.
Brand, a Sword.
Brawnd, the Muscles.
Branglit, brandished.
Braif, brave.
Brankand, Prancing.
Bratle, to clash.
Braw, brave, fine.
Brae, Side of a Hill, Bank of a River.
Braid, broad, *item* to haste, arise.
Braids or *Brades*, is like, *or* takes after.
Brais or *brace*, Embrace.
Brash, brush.
Breiks, Breeches.
Bricht, bright.
Brie, Eye-brow.
Brilzean, Brillant.
Brim, fierce.
Brocht, brought.
Brod, to prick or spur.
Brock, the Badger.
Browdin, fond of.
Browster, Brewer.
Brudie, teeming, fertile.
Bruik, brook *or* enjoy.
Brukit, blackened.
Brukil, brittle.
Brynt, brunt.
Bud, Bribe.
Buke or *Buik*, Book.
Buith, Booth or Shop.
Buith-meal, Shop Rent.
Buiting, Booty.
Bundin, bound.
Bun, Arse.
Bure, did bear.
Burde, Board.
Burn, a Brook.
Burdoun, a Palmers Staff.
Bushment, Men lying in Ambush.
Buss, a Bush.
Bute, Help, Advantage.
But and *bot*, without.
Byre, Cow-house.

Ca,

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CA

CA, call.
Cabroch, poor lean Flesh.
Cadgers, Higglers.
Callit, called.
Campion, Champion.
Cankert, angry, *item* ulcerated.
Canny, happy, convenient.
Canty, chearful.
Caprousy, an upper Garment.
Carline, an old Woman.
Carp, to talk.
Carvell, a Kind of Ship.
Cast, a throw.
Cative or *Catif*, Captive or Slave.
Cawd, called.
Cawf, Calf.
Cawk, Chalk.
Cawkit, did shyte.
Cauld, Cold.
Ceis, to cease.
Celcitude, Highness.
Celest, heavenly.
Chalmer, Chamber.
Chaip, escape.
Chafts, the Chops.
Chack, to check.
Chat, to hang on a Gallows.
Cheil, a Person.
Cheir, Sheer, *item* chear.
Chenzie, Chain.
Chereis, cherish.
Clam Shells, Scalop Shells.
Clan, a Tribe.
Clashes, idle Tales.
Clash, to throw Dirt.
Claith, Cloath.
Clais, Cloaths.
Clatter, chatter.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleft, the Cleaving.
Clene, clean.
Clerk, generally used for a learned Man.
Clewis or *Cleuchs*, Clifts.
Cleikit, laid hold on.
Cleith, Cloath.
Cleuch, Hollow betwixt Hills.
Clipit, called.
Clips, Eclips.
Clokks, Beetles.
Clod, to throw.
Cluds, Clouds.
Cluke, to hook.
Clum or *clam*, climbed.
Cluves, Hoves.
Codroch, miserable and nasty.
Combure, to burn.
Cost, bought.
Con, the Squirrel.
Comich, comick.
Corbie, a Raven.
Corinoch, a Highland Tune.
Cowhowby, Cowherd.
Cowd, cut or clipped.
Courtas, courteous.
Couth, cold, *item* familiar.
Covetice, Covetousness.
Cour, to stoop and creep slow.
Crabit, surly, angry.
Craig, the Neck, *item* a Rock.
Craif, crave.
Craw, the Crow.
Crap, did creep.
Craik, to croak.
Crawdon, faint hearted.
Creish, Grease.
Creils, Baskets.
Crouse, brisk and bold.
Cruif, a Lodge.

Cryne,

Cryne, wither and grow less.
Crum, a little Bit.
Cule, Cool.
Cum, come.
Cunzie, Coyn.
Cun, Taste.
Cummersom, troublesom.
Culroun, a Rascal.
Curches, Kerchiefs or Head-Linnen.
Cuik, Cook.
Curpal, Crupper.
Custe, did cast, *item* vomit.
Cute, Ancle, Joint, *item* a Trifle.

D A

DAE, Do.
Daft, mad, foolish,
Dairthful, dear. [merry.
Dander, wander carelesly.
Dang, Defeat.
Danton, to quell.
Dapill, daple.
Daw, Dawn, *item* a Sluggard.
Dawing, dawning.
Deave or *Deif*, to deafen.
Deid, dead, *item* Death, *item* deed.
Deil, deal, *item* Devil.
Dink, *dynk*, saucy, *item* finely
Denty, fine. [dest.
Deme, to deem. [ning.
Demyng, condemning or dam-
Depairt, to divide.
Depaynt, painted.
Deray, Noise, Sporting, Gambols.
Derch, a Dwarf.
Dern, Secret.
Derth, Dearth.
Desavit, deceived.
Det, Debt.
Devalling, descending hastily.
Dew, due. [deckt.
Dicht, to clean, *item* dressed,
Ding, to beat or overcome.
Ding, worthy.
Dirtin, beshitten.
Denzie, to deign.
Docht, could, availed.
Dochter, Daughter.
Dois, does.
Dok, Arse.
Donk, Moist.
Doss, neat, regular.
Up dost, Put in Order.
Dow, to be able.
Dow, Dove.
Dowbart, dull Fellow.
Douchty, hardy, valiant.
Dowf, heavy Fool, *item* dull, melancholy.
Dour, sullen, hard.
Dous, solid, grave.
Draif, drave.
Drait or *Dret*, shit.
Drawkit, wet.
Drie, to endure.
Dreich, tedious.
Dreiry, lonsome & mournful.
Dring, a Miser.
Droich, a Dwarf.
Drone, to act lazily.
Droukit, drenched.
Droup, to droop.
Dryt, shite.
Dwam, Qualm.
Dubs, Mire and little Pools.
Duds, Rags.

Duils

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Duils, Goals.
Dule, Pain.
Dum, Dumb.
Dume, Doom.
Dunt, to beat hard.
Dung, beaten.
Duris, Doors.
Dwalm, to swoon or take a Qualm.
Dyne, to dine.
Dynt, Stroak.
Dyvour, a Bankrupt.

E A

EARD, *Eird*, or *Erde*, Earth.
Ee, Eye.
Edert, Edward.
Edder-stangit, stung by an Adder.
Egil, the Eagle.
Eik, to add, *item* also.
Eild, Age.
Eir, Ear, *item* E'er.
Eirynesse, Fear of Spirits and Goblings.
Eise, Ease.
Eit, to eat.
Eith, easy.
Eme, Uncle.
Empashed, hindered.
Elbuck, Elbow.
Elritch, ghostly, wild, lonesome.
Enamilit, enameled.
Ene, Eyes.
Eneuch, enough.
Ensenzie, Ensign.
Ersch, Irish.
Ettle, to aim.
Esperance, Hope.
Eschapit, Escaped.
Everichone, every one.
Eydently, see *Ithandly*.
Eyndle, to be jealous.
Eynling, Jealousy.

F A

FA, fall.
Fae, Foe.
Falset, Falshood.
Faik, a Fold, to quit.
Fair, to go or pass.
Fairdy, clever and tight.
Falzie or *Felzie*, to fail.
Fand, found.
Fangs, Paws and Claws.
Fang, to grasp.
Fankle, to intangle.
Fash or *Fasche*, to trouble.
Fassoun, Fashion.
Faw, Fall.
Faws, gets.
Fauld or *Fund*, Fold.
Faut, Fault.
Fay, Faith.
Fazart, a Dastard.
Fecht, Fight.
Feckless, without Strength.
Fedder, a Father.
Fedderem, Wings.
Feid, Feud, Hatred.
Feidom, Fatality.
Feilty, Subjection.
Feil, Sense, *item* many.
Feir, Fear.
Feir, tight.
Feir or *fere*, Companion.

Feit

Digitized by Google

Feit, hired.
Fen, to live.
Fenzie, to feign.
Ferly, to wonder, a wonder.
Ferd, Fourth.
Ferſs, Force.
Fey, predeſtinated to Death, or ſome Misfortune.
Feynd, Fiend, the Devil.
Ficht, Fight.
Fie or *Fe*, a Herd of Cattle.
Firy-fary, Hurry, Confuſion.
Fiſch, Fiſh.
Fitch, to move.
Flendris, Splinters.
Flang, did fling.
Flane, an Arrow.
Flaught, a Blaze of Lightning.
Flauchter-Spade, Spade for flaying Turf.
Flaws, Lies—*Flaw*, to lie.
Fleich, to flatter.
Fleim or *Fleme*, to baniſh.
Flet, did flyte or chide.
Fley, to fright.
Flit, to remove.
Flichter, flutter like a Bird.
Flocht, Flight, Fear, Anxiety.
Flyte, Chide.
Flure, Floor.
Fog, Moſs.
Forfairn, abuſed.
Forfochten, tired and faint with fighting.
Forleit, to forſake.
Fornent, oppoſite to.
Forwayit, gave Way.
Forworthin, worthleſs.
Forlane, alone.
Forlopin, Vagabond.
Forzet, to forget, *item* forgotten.
Foſter, a Forreſter, *item* Nurſe.
Fow, full, *item* drunk.
Foumart, a Pole-cat.
Fouth, Abundance.
Frae, from.
Fragil, weak, tender, frail.
Frak, haſt.
Frawart, croſs and ugly.
Freiks, impertinent Fools.
Freid, Freedom.
Fremit, ſtrange, not a Kin.
Freprie, the ruffling or Folds of Cloath.
Fricht, Fright.
Fripon, a Knave.
Friſt, to Truſt or give Credit.
Fruſch eaſily broken.
Fu, full.
Fud, the Tail.
Fude, Food.
Fuff, to blow.
Fule, Fool.
Fund, found.
Furder, to ſpeed, *item* further.
Fure, wait on, *item* fared.
Furthy, free in Behaviour.
Fute, Foot.
Futher or *fudder*, a great many.
Fyrefangt, burnt.
Fylock, a young Mare.
Fyle, defile.
Fyke, to be reſtive.
Fyne, fine.

G A

GAB, the Mouth.
Gad or *Ged*, Goad.
Gædder, gather.
Gae, go.

Gaif,

Gaif, gave.
Gains, serves.
Gair, greedy.
Gait, *Gate*, Way, Method, *item* Goat.
Gaislings, Goslings.
Galziart, brisk, jolly, wanton.
Gams, Gums.
Gan, began.
Gane, gone, *item* serve.
Gane, Mouth.
Gang, to go.
Gaunt, to yawn.
Gar, to make or oblige.
Gardevyance, a Case of Instruments.
Garth, a Garden or Inclosure.
Gaw, Gall.
Gawf, a Laugh.
Gawsy, large and fat.
Geck, Mock, or cast up the Head in Derision.
Gein, given.
Geir, Wealth.
Gemmer, gender.
Gent, gentile.
Genterice, honourable Birth.
Gentilenes, Clemency.
Genzie, a Dart or Arrow.
Gersome, a certain Fine paid at the renewing of a Lease.
Get, a Child.
Ghaist, Ghost.
Gie, give.
Gif, *gin*, if.
Gild, Clamour.
Gilt, guilded.
Gimp, see *Jimp*.
Gird, to strike.
Girn, to grin, *item* a Trap or Snare.
Girth, a Sanctuary.
Glamour, the Sight deceived.
Glaik, to pass Time idly.
Glar, Myre.
Glave, a Sword.
Gle or *Glie*, Mirth.
Gled, a Kite.
Gleim, small Flame.
Gleid, Small Spunk of Fire.
Glen, a Hollow between Mountains.
Glengore or *Grandgore*, the *French* Pox.
Glore, Glory.
Glunschoch, sour Fellow.
Gloum, to knit the Eye-brows.
Glour, to stare.
Gluves, Gloves.
Goldspink, the Goldfinch.
Golk or *Gowk*, the Cuckow.
Glist, to Glister.
Gowden, Golden.
Gowkit, foolish.
Grape, to grope.
Graif, the Grave, *item* grave.
Grain, *grane*, groan.
Grangis, Corn Fields, Barns and Grannaries.
Graith, to make ready, *item* Utensils, necessary Things.
Graithed, attyred, made ready.
Grat, did weep.
Grein, to long for earnestly.
Greit, weep, *item* great.
Grene, green.
Grei, Degree.
Gres or *Gers*, Grass.
Grit or *greit*, great.

Grots,

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Grots, Oats half ground.
Growſ, to ly flat on ones Belly.
Grund, Ground.
Grundin, ſharped.
Gruntill, a Sow.
Grunzie, Snout or Noſe.
Gryce, a Pig.
Gwairdoun, Protection.
Guiks, expects Time fooliſhly and Delays.
Gude or *guid*, good.
Gudes, Riches.
Guims, Gums.
Gule, rediſh Yellow.
Gule Snout, red Nos'd.
Guleſchoch, the Jaundice.
Gurlie, ſurlie.
Gyant, Giant.
Gyde, Guide.
Gydar, Guider.
Gymmer, court and enjoy.
Gymp, neat, pretty.
Gyſe or *Gyis*, Guiſe.

HA

HA, Hall.
Habitiklis, Tabernacles.
Hae, have.
Haggies, a kind of Pudding.
Hailſum, wholſome.
Haiſ, have.
Hairns or *Harnis*, Brains.
Hair, or *hairy*, hoary gray.
Hald, Hold.
Haly, Holy.
Hals, to ſalute.
Hame, Home.
Handſell, the firſt Money that a Merchant gets.
Hankit, held with Ropes.
Hap, hop, *item* Chance.
Harle, to drag.
Harniſt, harniſhed.
Harns, ſee *Hairns*.
Harſe or *Hairs*, hoarſe.
Having, Behaviour.
Hawkit, white faced.
Hawtane, haughty.
Heal, *Heil*, Health.
Hecht, to promiſe, a Promiſe.
Hecht, named.
Heich, high.
Heilit or *heilded*, upheld.
Heir, here, *item* hear.
Heiſit, lifted up, hoiſed.
Herbry, Harbour.
Heryit, ſpoiled, impoveriſhed.
Hether, Heath.
Hevin, Heaven.
Heuch, a Rock, a ſteep Hill.
Hew, Hue.
Heynd, quick, clever.
Hie, high.
Hicht, Height.
Hicher, higher.
Hiddlings, hiding Places.
Hint, ſnatched.
Hinny, Honey.
Hir, her.
Hird, who watches the Flocks or Cattle.
Hirpland, going like one lame.
Hitch, to move.
Ho, the Singular of Hoſe.
Hobled, cobled.
Hoiſt, Cough.
Holk, to dig.
Holkit, made hollow.
Holtis, Hills, high Ground.

How

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How, hollow.
Howis, ----
Howdrand, hiding.
Howk, to dig.
Howlat, an Owl.
Howp, hope.
Hude, Hood.
Hud-pyk, a Churl.
Huly, slow.
Hure, Whore.
Hurcheon, Hedge-hog.
Hurklis, goes bowed and decrepid.
Hynd, straight.
Hyd, to hide.
Hynt, to take.

JA

JAnglers, Contenders.
Jaip, to jest or cheat, *item* to heave and set.
Jap, a Dash of Water.
Jely, joly.
Jimp, neat.
Jeil or *Geil*, (Saint) the Patron Saint of *Edinburgh*.
Jouk, to bow.
Jyb, to mock.
Ilk, each.
Ilka, every.
Infek, Infect.
Inlaik, to come short.
Ilfard, illfavoured.
Inding, unworthy.
Ingle, a Fire.
Inglis, English.
Ithandly, busily, without Intermission.

KA

KA, to drive.
Kabute, a little House.
Kail, Colewort or Cabage, *item* Broth.
Kaip or *Kap*, Cap or Top.
Kaves, Calves.
Keist, did cast.
Kemd, combed.
Ken, to know.
Kene, keen.
Kend, knew.
Kensy, a Rustick.
Kep, to catch what moves toward one.
Kepar, such a Catcher.
Kinrick, Kingdom.
Kimmer, a Comer or she-Gossip.
Kinnen, Rabits.
Kiltit, tucked up.
Kirn, Churne.
Kirtle, Petycoat.
Kist, Chest.
Kittle, difficult, *item* ticklish.
Kinsch, a Loop, *to count his Kinsch*, to hit his Part.
Knaif, Knave.
Knapska, Knapsack.
Knaw, know.
Knicht, Knight.
Know, Hillock.
Kowschot or *Cowschot*, the Ring-Dove.
Kuke, Cook.
Ky, Kine.
Kyte, Belly.
Kyth, to shew.

Digitized by Google

L A

LAggerit, bemired.
Laich, low.
Laid, Load.
Laif or *lave*, the rest.
Lair, Learning, *item* a Place [to ly in.
Laik, to want.
Lains, themselves.
Laip, to lap as a Dog.
Laisure, Leasure.
Laist, laced.
Laith, loath.
Laithly, Lothsome.
Laits, Manners.
Landwart, the Country.
Lane, Loan.
Langour, Wearyness.
Lans, a Lance.
Lans, to dart.
Lap, did leap.
Larbour, wooden.
Lathand, feeble, weak and [faded.
Law, low.
Lawtie, Honesty, Justice.
Lawland, Lowland.
Leil or *leal*, honest.
Leisches, Lashes.
Leich, Leech or Dr.
Leid, a Person, *item* Language.
Leif, Leave, *item* to live.
Leim or *Leam*, Flame.
Leil, honest, lawful.
Leis, Loves, *leis me*, it pleases [me.
Leisings, Lies.
Leist, least.
Leir, to learn.
Lemman, Courtezan or Con-[cubine.
Lends, Buttocks.
Lesum, lawful.
Leuch, did laugh.
Lever, rather.
Leur, rather.
Liar or *Lyart*, hoary.
Licht, Light, *item* merry.
Licharie, Lechery.
Lichtly, undervalue.
Lickmadowps, servile Flatterers, that salute like Dogs.
Lidder, slow, lazy.
Lie, Corn Lands untiled for some Years.
Lie or *le*, calm.
Lift, the Sky.
Ligg, to ly.
Limm, Limb.
Limmer, Thief and Whore.
Limp, to halt.
Lin, a Precipice where Water [falls.
Linkit, went hastily.
Lippen, depend.
Lipper, leaperous.
Lisk, the Groin or Flank.
Loan, where the Cows are [milked.
Lokar, curled.
Loppin, did leap.
Lore, Learning.
Low, Flame.
Lown, a Whore or Rogue.
Lounger, hanging-headed.
Loun, calm.
Lowp, to leap.
Lowpar, Leaper.
Lout, to bow low.
Lows, loose.
Lude, loved.
Lufe, Love, *item* the Palm of the Hand.
Lufray, Gifts.
Luggs, Ears.

Luggit,

Digitized by Google

Luggit, to draw by the Ears.
Luid, loved.
Luims, Looms.
Luivar, Lover.
Luk or *Luck*, Fortune.
Luke or *Luik*, Look.
Lukit or *lucken*, closed together.
Lum, Chimney.
Lundge, to hang downward.
Lunzie, Loyne.
Lute, did let.
Lurdane, a Blockhead or lazy Fellow.
Luschbald, a Slugard.
Lyfe, Life.
Lyke, Like.
Lyking, beloved.
Lymmer, a Whore and Knave.
Lyre, the Complexion.
Lyth, a Joynt.
Lytit, dyed, litted.

M A

MAE, moe.
Mahoun, the Devil.
Maid, made.
Mak, make.
Makkars, Poets.
Malefon, Malediction.
Maik, Mate or Match.
Mailpayers, Farmers.
Main or *mane*, to moan.
Mair, more.
Maist, most.
Mait, Mate.
Man, must.
Mandrag, Mandrake.
Mangit, bruised, maimed.
Mankit, wanting.
Mant, to stammer.
Mantil, Mantle.
Marrow, Fellow or Mate.
Mauchs, Magots.
Maun, must.
Mavis, a Thrush.
Meid or *Mede*, Mood, *item* a Reward.
Meil, Meal.
Mein or *mene*, mean.
Meis, to still or mitigate.
Meiths, Bounds, Limits or Marks.
Mekle or *meikle*, much.
Mell, to meddle or contend.
Mellifluat, sweet flowing.
Melteth, a Male of Meat.
Mends, amends.
Menzie, Company or Retinue.
Mensweir, swear against.
Mensworn, perjured.
Merkand, marking.
Merle, the Merlin, a Bird.
Messen, a Lap-Dog.
Mete, to measure.
Micht, might.
Midding, Dunghill.
Milane, alone.
Minglit, mingled.
Mint, to attempt, to aim.
Minny, Mother.
Minstrell, Musician.
Mirk or *merk*, dark.
Misken, to Misknow, *item* forbear.
Mismade, deformed.
Mister, to need.
Mok, to mock.
Mold, the Ground.
Mony, many.
Morther, Murder.
Mot, may.

Mou,

Digitized by Google

Mou, Mouth.
Moud, mouthed.
Mows, Jest.
Muck, Dung.
Mude, Mood.
Mune, Moon.
Muir or *Mure*, a Heath.
Mumting, muttering.
Murderiest, murdered.
Murgeon, to make Signs or imitate.
Muve or *muse*, move.
Myce or *Myss*, Mice.
Mynd, Mind.
Myne, mine.
Mynt, to offer or attempt.
Mynzion, Mignon.
Myting, a Mite.

NA

NA, *nae*, no.
Nains, *nanes*, the Purpose.
Naithing, nothing.
Nane, none.
Neir, near.
Neir, never.
Neis, the Nose.
Neist, next.
Neif or *Nieve*, Fist.
Nek, a Term at Chess, when the King cannot be guarded from a Check.
Nevell, a Stroak with the Fist.
Nicht, Night.
Niggarts, Niggards.
Nocht, nought, frequently for not.
Noit, Stroak on the Head.
Nold, would not.
None or *Nune*, Noone.
Noy, annoy.
Noyis, Noise.
Nowther, neither.
Nuik or *Nuke*, Nook, Corner.
Nurisar, nurishing.
Nurture, Education, *item* Correction.
Nybill, to pike.
Nys, Nice.

OB

OBlisit, obliged.
Ocht, ought or aught.
Odivill, hateful.
Ockerar, an Userer.
Oist, Host.
Ony, any.
Opinzion, Opinion.
Or, before.
Orisons, Prayers.
Ot, of it.
Owre, over.
Owrefrett, overspread, imbellished.
Owrequhelm, overwhelm, &c., all the other *owres*.
Owk, Week.
Owther, either.
Owsen, Oxen.
Oxter, Arm-pit.
Oys, Grandchildren.

PA

PAddock, a Frog.
Paddock-rude, Spawn of Frogs.
Padzian, Pageant.
Paiks, Chastisement.

Pais,

Digitized by Google

Pais, Pasch or Ester.
Paitlait, an Under-coat.
Paip, the Pope.
Pallions, Pavilions.
Palat, Skin.
Pang, to stuff.
Panse, Pause.
Pare, to empair.
Pauchty, haughty.
Pawps, Paps or Breasts.
Payntit, painted.
Pech, to breath short.
Peild, stript.
Peir, an equal.
Pois, Peas.
Pelour, a Pilgarlick.
Pennair, a Pen-Case.
Pens, Plumes.
Perfay, in Faith.
Perse, pierce.
Persave, perceive.
Persew, pursue.
Pet, a Favourite, *to take the Pet*, to be peevish.
Pingle, to strive or labour with Difficulty.
Pik, Pitch.
Pisch, to piss.
Pith, Strength.
Plaid, a loose upper Garment.
Plait, fold.
Plaint, Complaint.
Plack, third of a Peny.
Pleids, Contentions.
Plein, complain.
Plenzie, complain.
Pleis, please.
Plesans, Pleasure.
Plet, to twist, twisted.
Pleuch, Plow.
Pley, Contest or Squable.
Plight, plighted.
Polk, Poke, or little Sack.
Posody, a Sort of *Highland* Broth.
Pow, to pull.
Pow, Poll or Head.
Poutch, Pocket.
Powter, to prog.
Pratick, Practice.
Preif or *preive*, prove, try, or Taste.
Preincod, Pincusheon.
Preiving, trying.
Preise, press.
Prent, Print or Impression.
Prevene, to prevent.
Propyne, a Present.
Prydless, humble.
Pryses, Prizes.
Puncis, Pulses.
Punde, to sequester.
Pulchritude, Beauty.
Pure or *Puir*, poor, *item* pure.
Puirtith, Poverty.
Purflit, rufled.
Purse-pyk, Pick-purse.
Pusiance, Power.
Pyne, Pain.

QU

QUantance, Acquaintance.
Quat, did quite or quit.
Quay, young Cow.
Quaver, Quiver.
Quene, Queen.
Quell, to kill.
Quha, who.
Quhail, Whale.

Quhais,

Digitized by Google

Quhais, whose.
Quhair, where.
Quhat, what.
Quhat-reck, what the Matter.
Quhelp, a Whelp.
Quheils, Wheels.
Quheit, Wheat.
Quhen, when.
Quhene, a Part.
Quhilk, which.
Quhidder, whither.
Quhip, Whip.
Quhittle, a Knife.
Quhitly, pale and thin.
Quhirl, whirl.
Quhois, whose.
Quhom, whom.
Quhylsome, sometime ago.
Quhy, why.
Quhyle, while, *item* until.
Quhyte, White.
Quod, *quoth*, said.

RA

RAE, Roe.
Rad or *Red*, feared.
Rackless or *reckless*, to act carelessly or rash.
Raif, rave, did rive.
Raing, a Circle.
Raik, to go a quick Pace.
Raip, a Rope.
Rair, to roar.
Rait, Rate.
Rang, Rung.
Ranigald, a foolish Scold.
Rak, Fog or Mist.
Ramand, crying.
Rasch, Rash.
Ratches, Hounds.
Raw, row.
Rawmoud, beardless, simple.
Raucht, reacht.
Rax, Stretch.
Rebald, a Talker of Nonsense or Rebaldry.
Red or *reid*, to wish, *item* Fear.
Redour, Fright.
Rehatour, a malicious Enemy.
Reid, Red, *item* to read.
Reik, Smoak, *item* to reach.
Reikit, rigged, *item* smoked.
Reird, Noise.
Reist, to dry in a Chimney.
Reive or *reve*, to rob.
Rever, a Rober.
Renzie, the Rein of a Bridle.
Reprieve, reprove.
Resave, receive.
Resone or *Resoun*, Reason.
Revers, Robbers.
Revers, the Rovers at which the Archers shoot.
Rewth, Pity.
Rewme, Realm.
Rewyne, Ruin.
Rew, to take Pity, *item* to repent.
Richt, Right.
Richt now, lately.
Rift, to belch.
Rigg, the Back, *item* a Ridge.
Rilling, a Shoe made of rough raw untan'd Leather.
Rink, a Course.
Ring, to reign.
Rispies, Bulrushes.
Roches, Rocks.
Roir, to roar.

Rok

Digitized by Google

Rok, a Distaff, *item* to roll or move from one Side to the other.
Rone, Bramble or Briar.
Row, a Roll, to roll.
Rowth, Abundance.
Rowpand, crying-hoarse.
Rowms, Rooms.
Rowmis, to make a Noise.
Roun, Whisper.
Roung or *Rung*, a Cloun's Staff.
Rowt, to bellow or low like a Bull.
Royis, raves.
Ruch, rough.
Rude, Redness.
Rude, a Cross.
Rug, to pull with Force.
Rukes, Crows.
Rukis, Ricks.
Rundge, to range and gather.
Rumple, a Rump.
Rute, Root.
Ruse or *ruise*, to commend, praise, extoll.
Ruther, the Rudder.
Ryall, Royall.
Ryse or *Rise*, common.
Rynk, Rank.
Rys or *Ryce*, Dwarf Bushes of Wood.
Ryse, rise.
Ryve, to tear and spleet.

S A

SA, *sae*, so.
Saft, soft.
Saif, save.
Saikless, innocent.
Sain or *sane*, to bless.
Sair, sore.
Sane, say.
Sall, shall.
Sald, sold.
Sang, Song.
Sans, without.
Sar, Sâvour.
Sargeand, Serjeant.
Sark, Shirt.
Sary, Sorry.
Saw, old Saying or Prophecy.
Saw, Word or Promise.
Sauch, a Willow.
Saucht, at Ease, in Peace.
Saul, Soul.
Sauld, see *Sald*.
Sawrs, Savours, Smells.

N.B. the *c* here between the *s* and *h*, tho' it is never used now, yet it was seldom neglected by our old Gentlemen; therefore any hard Word that begins with only *sh*, look for it in *sch*.

Scant, scarce.
Schaip, to fit.
Schairp, sharp.
Schaw, shew.
Schaws, little Woods.
Sched, separate.
Scheil, Shepherd's Cot.
Schene, shining.
Schent, troubled, confounded, spoiled, ruined.
Scheip, Sheep.
Scheild, unhuked, *item* a Sheild.

Schilling,

Digitized by Google

Schilling, Meal before it is sifted.
Schit, a blasted little Creature.
Schogled, dangled.
Schoil, she will, or she'll.
Schog, to shake.
Scho, she.
Schore, to threat.
Schot, Shot.
Schir, Sir.
Schrewis, Shrews.
Schuke, shook.
Schuder, to Shiver.
Schune, Shoes.
Schule, School.
Schupe, made ready, intended.
Schure, did sheer.
Scrimp, scant.
Scoul, to look grim, by leting fall the Brows.
Seil, Seal.
Seil, Happiness, Prosperity.
Seimly, comely.
Seir, or *Sere*, several.
Sell, self.
Seindle, seldom.
Sen, since.
Sene, seen.
Sens, Sense.
Sensyne, since that Time.
Senzie, Signority.
Senzior, Senior.
Sesoun, Season.
Serve, or *Serf*, to deserve.
Sets, becomes.
Seuch, a Furrow or Ditch.
Sey, to try.
Scaldit, burnt.
Scart, Hermaphrodite.
Scowrie or *Skowrie*, meagre.
Scunder, a Qualm, to loath.
Sib, a Kin.
Sic or *sik*, such.
Sich, sigh.
Sicht, Sight.
Sicker, sure.
Siller, Silver.
Sindle, seldom.
Single, a Handful of gleaned [Corns.
Skail, to scatter.
Skairs or *Skers*, scarce.
Skaith, Loss, Harm.
Skapit, escaped.
Scant, scarce.
Skap, Scalp.
Skar, Scar.
Skelf, Shelf.
Sklander, Scandal.
Sklender, Slender.
Sklent, to go aside, to lie.
Skonce, to cover, a Cover.
Skoldirt, parched.
Skorn, Scorn.
Skeich, Skittish.
Skoul, hang or knit the Brows.
Skink, to fill Drink, *item* strong Broth.
Skirl, to cry.
Skrows, Scrolls.
Skrudging or *Skurging*, Scourging.
Skruse, Scruf.
Skraip, Scrape.
Skryk, to screech.
Skugry, in Hidlings.
Skulls, Hand Baskets.
Skum, Scim.
Skyth, Loss, Hurt.
Sla, Slay.
Slae, Sloe.

Slaif,

Digitized by Google

Slaif, Slave.
Slait, did slit or cut.
Slak, an opening between Hills.
Slaw, slow.
Sleik, smooth.
Sleuth, cunning.
Slicht, Slight.
Slie, Slouth.
Slokin, to quench.
Slogan or *Slughorn*, a Watch-word, peculiar to a certain Name or Set of People, used to know their Friends from Enemies.
Slouch, a Husk.
Smaik, a silly pitiful Fellow.
Smeir, besmear.
Smidy, Smith's Work-house.
Smit, to infect.
Smot, a Spot, as of Grease on Cloaths.
Smorit, smothered.
Smuke, Smoak.
Smyt, a small Spot.
Smyle, to smile.
Snack, clever.
Sneist, to speak tartly.
Sneir, to snore.
Snell, sharp.
Snift, to shew Displeasure by disdainful Looks.
Snude, a Womans Headband for binding back the Hair.
Soir, Sore.
Solace, Recreation.
Solist, to solicite.
Sonce or *sonss*, Luck, Happiness.
Sonk, a Wreath of Straw used as a Cushion, or a Load Sadle.
Sonziet, made Excuse.
Sornand, to go about begging.
Sould, should.
Soverane, Sovereign.
Soup, sweep.
Sound, smooth.
Spae, to prophesy.
Spane, wane from Suck.
Spate or *Spait*, Land Flood or Torrent.
Spang, to leap.
Spavie, Stiffness in the Hams, a Horse Disease.
Spaul, *Spald*, the Shoulder.
Speik, to speak.
Speil, to climb.
Speir, to ask, *item* a Spear.
Spence, the Buttery.
Spenzie, Spain.
Spill, to spoil.
Spirling, a very small Fish.
Sound, smooth.
Spowt, a Gush.
Spray, Sprigs, Bushes.
Spring, a Tune.
Spulzie, Spoil, *item* to spoil.
Sprent, a Spring, to spring as a Clock.
Spule, a Weaver's Shuttle.
Squeil, Squeek.
Spunk, a Spark of Fire.
Spynand, Spinning.
Stane, Stone.
Stang, Sting.
Stakis, Piles of Corn.
Stall, stole.
Stallwart, robust.
Stakkar, Stagger.
Stark, strong.
Stay, Streight, Steep.
Staw, stole.

Steik,

Digitized by Google

Steik, to shut.
Steir, stir.
Stend, long Stryde.
Stern, Star.
Stevin, the Voice.
Sting or *Stang*, a Pol.
Stirk, a big Bull Calf.
Stot, Bullock, *item* a Note in Musick.
Stour, Dust in Motion.
Stour, Throng of Battle.
Stoup, Prop or Pillar.
Stown, stolen.
Staig, young Horse.
Strang, strong.
Strae, Straw.
Strak, did strike.
Strinkil, to sprinkle.
Strynd, strain, *item* Kindred.
Stalwart, large and strong.
Stalkers, sturdy Beggars.
Stude, stood.
Study, Smith's Anvil.
Sturdy, stout and strong.
Sturt, Vexation.
Styme, Small Sight.
Stypand, Benefice.
Stynt, to stay or hold.
Sua, so.
Sukkar, Sugar.
Suith or *Suth*, Truth.
Suld, should.
Sune, *sone*, soon.
Swapit, featured.
Swats, Small-bear or Dreg.
Swankies, cliver young Fellows.
Sum, some.
Sulzie, to soil, *item* Soil, Land.
Supone, suppose.
Sute, Soot.
Suth, Truth.
Swaird, the Grasy Surface of the Ground.
Swat, did sweat.
Swankie, souple Youngster.
Sweir, lazy, *item* to swear.
Sweirness, Lasiness.
Swith, Hast, hastylie.
Swom, Swim.
Swoun, Faint.
Swyngeor, a tall Wencher, *item*, a Scoundrel.
Swyth or *swith*, soon.
Syis, Times.
Syke, a Water Ditch.
Symmer, Summer.
Syne, afterward, then.
Syre, Sire, Father.
Syte, Sorrow.

T A

TAE, Toe.
Tais, Toes.
Tacht, Taught.
Tallon, to Tallow or Grease.
Tald or *Tauld*, told.
Taid, Toad.
Talzior, Taylor.
Targats, Clasps or Buckles.
Targe, a Shield.
Tarrow, to refuse.
Tauch, Tallow.
Tawsy, little Cup.
Taz, a Scourge or little Whip.
Tedder, a Rope or Band for Horses.
Telzie, a Cut of Beef.

Tene,

Digitized by Google

Tene, Anger.
Tent, to notice.
Teugh, tugh.
Teynd, Anger.
Thae, those.
Thair, their, there.
Thairin, within.
Thairout, without.
Thay, those.
Thie, Thigh.
Thir, those.
Thocht, thought, tho't.
Thole, to suffer.
Thrawart or *trawart*, cross.
Thrawis, Throws.
Thrawn, cross, *Thrawn vult*, ill natured Countenance.
Threfe, in Corn, twenty four Sheaves; applied to other Things it means a great deal.
Thring, to wring or Throng.
Throple, the Wind Pipe.
Thyne, thine, *item* thence.
Thud, The Noise rather stronger than sharp that Things make that come on other with Force and Quickness.
Ticht, handsome, tight.
Tig, to sport with gentle touches, pating and the like.
Tinsell, Lose.
Tint, Lost.
Tirl, to give a small sharp Stroke, *item* to uncover.
Tirly mirly, a Whirlygig.
Tittar, rather.
Tod, a Fox.
Toder, the other.
Toits or *toyts*, Freeks.
Tolbuith, a Prison.
Towdy, the Arse.
Towris, Towers.
Towmond, Twelve Months.
Trantals, Nig-nays.
Trattles, silly Tales.
Traikit, dragled.
Trayn, Train or Lead.
Treachour or *treichour*, treacherous.
Trete or *treit*, treat.
Tretie, intreating.
Trew, true.
Trig, neat.
Trow, believe.
Truncheon, Head or Piece of a Spear.
Trumpours, Deceivers.
Tryme, handsome.
Trymbill, Tremble.
Tryst, an Appointment.
Tung, Tongue.
Tuke, took.
Tume, empty, *item* to empty.
Tway or *twae*, two.
Twich, Touch.
Twyne, to twine.
Tyde, Tide.
Tyke, a Dog.
Tymmer, Timber.
Tyne or *tene*, loss.
Tyne, *tein*, or *tine*, Anger.
Tynt, lost.
Tyte, streight, soon, quickly.

W A

WA, Wall.
Wad or *Wed*, Wager.
Wae, Woe.

Waefu,

Digitized by Google

Waefu, woeful.
Wag, Shake.
Waif, lonly, alone.
Waif, Wave.
Wair or *ware*, to bestow.
Waik, weak, *item* wait.
Waith, wandred or strayed.
Wakryfe, little enclined to sleeping.
Wale, the Choice, to choise.
Wald, would.
Walop, to Galop.
Wallowit, withered.
Waly, large.
Wally-gowdy, great Jewell.
Walydraig, a pityful Creature, or the most worthless of a number.
Wame, Womb.
Wan, pale, *item* went.
Wansuckit, ill nursed.
Wanworth, worthless.
Wane or *wain*, House.
Wanflers, Venus Gamesters.
Wanrufe, uneasy.
Warden, Guardian.
Warison, Reward.
Wark, Work.
Warlo, a Wretch.
Warie, to fret.
Wate or *wait*, to know.
Waw, a Wall, a Wave.
Wedset, to Mortgage.
Weil, well.
Weind, supposed.
Weir, War.
Weird, Fortune.
Weit, Rain, *item* to wet.
Wene or *wein*, to think or suppose.
Wend, go away.
Weirly, cautiously.
Wypit, wiped or woped.
Wicht, clever.
Wicht, Wight, a Person.
Wicker, Willow.
Wid, mad.
Widdert, withered.
Widdy or *Wody*, the Gallows.
Wie, little.
Widdyfow, Gallows fac'd.
Widdill, an uneasy restless Motion.
Will, wild.
Willsom, wild.
Wimple, to fold back and foreward.
Winning, Dwelling.
Winnocks, Windows.
Wirdy or *wordy*, worthy.
Wirk, to work.
Wirry, to wory.
Wist, to know.
Wod, a Wood.
Won, to dwell.
Wond, dwelt.
Wont, thought or supposed.
Wouit, courted.
Wrak, Wreck.
Wowf, Wolf.
Wow, a Note of Wonder.
Wraik, to vex.
Wraith, the Waste.
Wrait, wrote.
Wrang, wrong.
Wrocht, wrought.
Wympler, a Curle or Wave.
Wylie, cunning.
Wyfe, Wife.
Wyfis, Wives.

Wyt,

Digitized by Google

Wyt, to blame, the Cause or [Blame.
Wys, wise.
Wysp, a Handful of Straw, or the like.

Valziant, valiant.
Vanise, vanish.
Udder, other.
Velziet, availed.
Venomit, Envenomed.
Vertew, Virtue.
Ug, to loath.
Ugsome, loathsome.
Vissy, take a View of.
Uslie, Oyl.
Undocht, one that can do nothing.
Unfulziet, undefiled.
Ungeird, unarmed.
Unquit, uncleared or unpaid.
Unsicker, unsure.
Unzeon, Union.
Vyce, Vice.
Vyle, vile.

Y

YCE, Ice.
Ydle, idle.
Yle, Isle.
Ynd, India.
Yre, Ire.
Yreland, Ireland.
Yron, Iron.

Z A

ZAip or *zap*, sharp set, hungry.
Zamer, to make a Grumbling like a Child.
Ze, ye, *item* yea.
Zell, ye 'll.
Zellow, Yellow.
Zeid, went.
Zeil, ye will.
Zeild, yield.
Zeir, Year.
Zelp, yelp, cry like a Dog.
Zemen, Yeamen.
Zestrene, Yesternight.
Zet, Yet or Gate.
Zing, young.
Zit or *Zet*, yet.
Zisterday, Yesterday.
Zolden, holden.
Zoke, Yoak.
Zonkers, Youngsters.
Zon, yon.
Zoul, howl.
Zouth, Youth.
Zouthheid, Youth-head.
Zule, Christmas.
Zung, young.
Zyrne, to carn or crudle as new Cheese.

N.B. Some old *Scots* Words not explained in this Glossary, through Inadvertency in collecting and ranging of them, and some few, for which we can plead a better Excuse, shall be annexed, with such in the third Volume as are not explained in this, which Volume is to be published in a short Time, consisting chiefly of Satyres and Interludes, wrote by Sir *David Lindsay* of the *Mount*, Lyon King at Arms, and acted on the *Play Green* between *Leith* and *Edinburgh*, with several other Pieces never before printed.

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